# The FOOL-KILLER

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## THESE-HERE MONKEY-SHINES

Some of the readers of The Fool-Killer — those who have been on the mailing list for several years—will remember that I used to hand out a more serious line of gab than I do now, and such readers may be wondering why I dropped the more serious discussions and switched over to this-here light burlesque and foolishness, with just enough common sense to keep it from souring.

Well, confound your old flea-bitten hides, here's why:

I discovered that about nine-tenths of you booby-prize plug-uglies didn't have gumption enough to appreciate sensible thought when you saw it. All you wanted was some droll or foolish "saying" that you could rair back like a stud rooster and "haw-haw" about, and it didn't matter to you whether there was any sense to it or not. You would sit there like a bunch of warty toads under an old log and let me work my eyes out and my toe-nails off getting up a real jim-dandy paper for you, and then you never said "thank you" nor "kiss my foot" nor anything else. Just dead silence. But if I happened to get off one of my droll jokes in order to drive home a truth, you could every one wake up and cackle like forty-leven young hens at an egg-laying contest. You just sucked the joke off like eating candy from a stick, and then spit out the truth and throwed it away like an old cow spitting out a peach seed.

So it gradually dawned on me that I was wasting my time and doing my work for nothing and boarding myself besides. And I sez to myself, sez I, "Well, if that ding-busted measley aggregation of half-witted whangdoodles don't want anything but monkey-shines, and if they ain't got brain enough to digest a sensible thought, then I'll quit trying to teach them anything. I'll just stand on my head and kick my heels in the air like winding-blades and cut all the new and up-to-date monkey-shines I can think of."

And so that's why. And now you can just rair back on your dew-claws and "haw-haw" till your belly-band breaks and your funny-bone hurts and you're just about ready to croak.

## THE JOKE IS ON TENNESSEE

Alas and alack, beloved! And what shall we do now? Have you heard the gosh-awful news that comes roaring and reverberating down from the hill-slopes of Tennessee?

Well, honey, it is just too much!

After all the fuss and fury of that Anti-Evolution law; after the wide publicity of the Scopes trial at Dayton, where Bryan killed himself trying to prove that he wasn't a monkey, and after the founding of the Bryan University as a two-edged sword to keep all monkeys forever out of Tennessee—lo and behold what happens?

Old Grandma Nature, not always as solemn as she pretends to be, sees a chance to play a good joke on Tennessee, and so she goes ahead and fixes it up with the Stork and has a gal baby born there with a tail seven inches long!

Now what does that prove?

Or does it prove anything?

The evolutionist will say, of course, that it proves human kinship with the monkey. But the other side will hit back with a left-handed undercut and meet the challenge with another question: If one tailed baby proves kinship with the monkey, then what would a million untailed babies prove? Or fifty million? Or a hundred million? When it comes to tails or no-tails, it looks like the no-tailers have got the best of it by several million majority.

But it does look sorter quare for it to happen right there in Tennessee, where—of all places—they said it shouldn't happen. The evolutionists will harp on it till doomsday, and the Funny-dementalists will get mad enough to fight their shadders.

In the meantime, what else?

Well, the tailed baby's dad wants to put it in a circus, and its mammy sues its dad for divorce, and the doctor cuts the tail off, and thereby ruins a perfectly good tail. Oh, jeeminy! What an awful sight of trouble one little tail can cause!

## ME AND MY NEIGHBOR

I've got a neighbor that I think is just the doggondest best neighbor that any man ever had in this world. He is good and honest and kind and peaceful and generous and liberal and free-hearted and—well, all the rest of the good things.

Me and my neighbor are as thick as seven in a bed and we visit back and forth a good deal. Well, it was my time to make a visit, and so I bought me six pistols and two shot guns and a Winchester rifle and a belt of cartridges and all the big knives I could tote, and I loaded myself up with these lovely ornaments and emblems of peace, and I marched forth to visit my neighbor.

When he saw me coming he turned pale behind the ears and got weak in the knees and was about to faint, when I ran and embraced him and kissed him on the kisser and assured him that I loved him better than pie and that I had merely come to pay him a friendly visit.

"Well, then," sez he when he was enough recovered to speak, "why are you loaded down with all them deadly weapons? You look like you had started out to whip Alexander the Great and Napoleon and Kaiser Bill."

"These?" sez I—"Oh, these are only some little ornaments I brought along to show you what a he-man I am and how I COULD fight if you was to fool with me and get my dander up. But I ain't come to fight—I've come on a peaceful visit, to talk business and swap yarns and pull chicken-leg with you. Lead the way into your lordly castle."

He led the way and I followed, rattling like a wagon loaded with scrap-iron running away down a rocky hill.

And to this day I have never got that man to understand why I had to go around like an arsenal when I paid him a "friendly visit." You look like you don't understand it either. Well, go and ask Hoover. He did just exactly the same thing, only on a bigger scale, when he made that "friendly visit" to Latin America. Maybe he knows the reason. I don't.

## MORGAN PAYS! HOORAY!

Here, then, is the supreme example of the eternal fitness of things. From what seems to be a reliable source I learn that Cal Coolidge will not have to join the army of the unemployed after March 4th, and walk the streets hungry looking for a job, and maybe sleeping in a trash barrel in a back alley. Any sympathetic soul who may be losing sleep over such a possibility can now rest easy. The danger is past, and Cal has got him a job. Upon the expiration of his term as president, he will go straight to New York and join the house of Morgan. In other words, his allegiance will not be changed. He will continue to serve the same boss that he has been serving for the past eight years and longer. Evidently his service to Morgan has been satisfactory, and now Morgan is going to reward him accordingly. The plutes are great hands to stick together. That is one good thing that can be said about them. They are loyal to their kind.

But I was just remarking how very appropriate it is. The very thing that we might have expected, and it all fits in just as nice. If I had been looking after Morgan's interests at Washington as well as Cal has, I should expect to get my reward. The servant is worthy of his hire, and the man who is served is the one who should do the paying. Morgan pays. Hurrah for Morgan!

## A FELLER AND A WENCH

The two main items of legislation that Cal is anxious to put through this Lame Duck Congress are his cruiser building program and the Kellogg Treaty to outlaw war. Haw-haw-haw! Two things that are just as opposite in theory as day and night. If he believes the Kellogg Treaty will be worth a cuss, what does he want with more fighting ships? And if he thinks the ships are going to be needed anyhow, then why bother about the Kellogg Treaty? Trying to get both of these things at once is sorter like buying a ticket to heaven and then jumping on the hell-bound train.

# THE FOOL-KILLER

A Literary Mustard-Plaster to Draw Blisters on Society, Church and State

Published Monthly at BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA

James Larkin Pearson, Editor

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## Let's Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it hit on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-hundredth cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I durgin gleam.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have think some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old goose from getting rusty.

From the midnight of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in the sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order. Direct all letters and make all orders payable to

THE FOOL-KILLER
Boomer, - - - North Carolina.

### PARAGRAPHS

It must have been a windy day when Zona Gale married W. L. Breese.

And it must have been a cold day when Alberta Snow married William H. Winter.

New York has at last got a Whaleh, but probably not the kind it needs.

That race in Congress between Kellogg's Peace Pact and Coolidge's Cruiser Bill is sorter like a swimming race between two beans in a bowl of soup.

If all the straw that was used for "straw votes" last fall could have been saved to feed poor, old hosses and cows this winter, it would have helped out the feed bill considerably.

### AN EXPLANATION

The Fool-Killer, as most of you know, is a one-man paper. And I am that One Man. I am the whole thing in this shop. I have to do all the work from writing the fool dope to printing the paper, folding the sheets, addressing the wrappers and preparing it for the mail. I am so situated that it isn't possible for me to get any help.

Well, then, what happens when I am knocked out? Just this—everything stops. And so when the Flu got into my family in December and January I was knocked out all right, and everything stopped. There was no chance to get out a December issue, and now away here in January I thought there was no use to date back. I am therefore giving you the January issue instead, and I hope you will understand that I have done the best I could.

# IDIOTORIALS

How did the Flu get all over the country so quick? Why, it Flu, of course.

A man by the name of Dern was elected to Congress in the late election. Now ain't that a Dern-ed shame?

"Life is just beginning at fifty," says a North Carolina optimist. Zat right? Well, then, I ain't been born yet.

Up North they have begun to kill witches again. Just imagine how old Cottontail Mather, looking down from his mansion in the skies, must enjoy a thing like that.

If the government will just furnish me a bristling battleship all free of charge, and a crew of twelve hundred jumping-jacks to run the blamed thing, I guess I could afford to take me a "goodwill trip" to some place. How about it, Uncle?

Paper says that Hoover is a confirmed and hopeless lover of peanuts. On all possible occasions he carries a bag of peanuts to chaw on. And here I had been hoping all the time that Hoover was not a peanut politician. Hang-take the luck!

A New York gent of the male persuasion has been married three times and has only had two wives. "Looks like somebody has short-changed that poor fellow in the marriage market. Reckon what went with that tuther woomern?

An almanac maker in Greensboro, North Carolina, has sued the local paper for printing information as to when the sun would rise and set. He claims that he had the sun's movements copyrighted in his almanac. But my notion is that the sun would have riz and sot just the same if neither the almanac nor the paper had said a word about it.

### WILL A QUAKER FIGHT?

One of the reasons why Hoover gained such a sweeping victory was because he is (or claims to be) a Quaker, and all true Quakers are known to be strong against war. The people believed that if they elected a Quaker for president, the "next war" might be averted.

It now remains for Hoover to prove whether he is a true Quaker. If he continues to go galavanting around over the world on his battleships and trying to impress the weaker nations with his "fighting power", some of us will begin to suspect that he is no Quaker hardly, and that we suckers have simply swallowed the bait once more.

### THIS IS MORE LIKE IT

In another column of this issue of The Fool-Killer there is an article headed, "Morgan Pays! Hooray!" in which it is stated that Farmer Cal, after March 4, will go to New York and become a member of the House of Morgan.

But that, I now learn, is all a horrible mistake—a reflection on Farmer Cal which calls for an immediate correction. I have just now learned from a tramp who passed along the road that Cal has hired to a small farmer in Virginia to plow and pitch hay all next summer. He will wear overalls and do regular farm work from morning till night. He will get up before day and help milk the cows and feed the hosses and pigs, and he will help haul out the manure from the barn and get his shoes all messed up and smelly. You farmers know how that is. But Cal, being a farmer and always interested in farm work, is sure he will like the job. The pay isn't very big, but durn the pay. What Cal wants is a chance to serve the farmer, and if he can just get to eat in the kitchen with the cook and sleep in the haymow with the other hired men, he will be perfectly happy.

Now that's more like it. Reckon who ever started that Morgan tale, anyhow?

### IT MOUT A BIN WUSS

No, my dear Rastus. Hoover can't possibly be any worse than Smith would have been, and there is at least a chance that he will do some better. So let us be thankful that the pope's blockbarrel candidate got his hoops knocked off and his political head caved in. We just as well suffer torment under a good Quaker as under the pope of Rome. As Tom Watts used to say, "This life is nothing but peace and satisfaction, nohow."

### A FELLER'S GOT TO EAT

Listen folks! Here is something of interest. You know it isn't often that the buyer says the price is too low. He usually wants to get the thing (whatever it is) just as cheap as he can. That is human nature as a rule.

But, strange to say, there are exceptions, and here is one. From widely separated points in the United States have lately come a number of letters from subscribers and club-raisers saying that the subscription price of The Fool-Killer is entirely too low. They say each issue is worth what I have been charging for a whole year of it. They remind me that this is a day of high prices all along the line, and they think I am making a mistake in trying to hold myself down to the old pre-war price of fifteen cents a year—in clubs. These writers insist that they and all their friends are perfectly willing to pay more, and they urge me to raise the price. The people who do the paying are asking me to charge them more! What do you know about that?

Well, then, I looked up a number of small monthly papers about the size of The Fool-Killer and smaller that come here in exchange. And what do you reckon? Well, I found that their prices range from fifty cents to a dollar a year. One little thumb-nail monthly that don't contain more than half as much reading matter as The Fool-Killer, and not half as good stuff, charges a cool dollar a year for itself. Several others about the size of The Fool-Killer and not half as full of good chin-music charge anywhere from fifty cents to a dollar a year.

So why shouldn't I get a little more? It is only right and reasonable. When you come to think about it, there can't be any profit in a fifteen cent subscription. I used to sorter live at it, and away back before the war I made a little money. But since the cost of living and everything else has doubled up so, I have gone in the hole every year. Right now I am so flat busted that I can't hire help to get out the paper, and being prevented by sickness from working at it myself, you see how hard it is for me to keep up with old galloping Time.

Whadda ye say, boys? Don't you think my chin-music is worth a little more than fifteen cents a year? Why, doggon it, lots of you smoke up more than that every day.

Anyhow, I am going to take a crack at it and put the price up to 40 cents a year for single subscriptions and 25 cents a year in clubs of four or more. Maybe that will be enough to sorter feed the old woomern and the baby and buy me a new pair of overalls.

And I'll try to put a new self-starter on my old gab-trap and see if I can't give you more for your money than you ever got before.

Done! Let's go!

## TAKE THE TOP OFF

I see it stated in the 18th chapter and 29th verse of my medical almanac that Doctor-Senator Copeland, of New York, is going to have something done about that awful smell that hangs around in the Senate Chamber at Washington like the melancholy memory of a departed polecat.

The noted pill-pouch senator declares he can't stand it any longer in that closed-up windowless den, with nearly a hundred healthy cases of Halitosis raging all the time. He proposes to have the Senate Chamber taken out and carried to the repair shop where it is to be enlarged and renovated and some window holes gouged in it to let out the senatorial hot air.

That is a bang-up idea, Doc, but here is a still better one: Put hinges on the roof of the Capitol so it can be laid back like opening a cedar chest or a tin coffee-pot whenever the honorable senators begin to spout and erupt and exude and otherwise befoul the atmosphere. Just a few little windows won't do any good toward letting the stink out.

## INNOCENT—BUT DEAD

By new evidence lately come to light, it has now been proven to the satisfaction of everybody, with the possible exception of Judge Thayer and Nick Butler, that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent men.

But they are dead.

Even before the State of Massachusetts had stained its hands with their innocent blood, there was evidence enough to satisfy any reasonable person that the men were not guilty. But much of the evidence was deliberately ignored—waved aside with a scornful sweep of the hand. A little bunch of blood-thirsty lord-gods of Big-Biz had made up their minds to kill the two Italian laborers, and a little thing like new evidence was not going to interfere with their nice little program.

And so the men are dead.

And now here comes still more evidence of a kind that cannot be ignored, not even by Judge Thayer, and I am wondering what Hizzonner is going to do about it. All the repenting and regret in the world cannot bring them back and restore the lives that were wrongfully taken. Their names have been written in fire across the eternal heavens, and eternity will not be long enough to see them forgotten. The fires that burned the bodies of Ridley and Latimer and the other Christian martyrs did not more surely light an eternal torch than did the electric current which sent Sacco and Vanzetti to their death.


# Club Rates

## In Clubs of Four or more, 25c

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 40 cents a year but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of 4 or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 25 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every state in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA.


## SERMON ON THE PAPAL STATE

O hark! O hear!
And tremble with fear!

For behold, a new earthly ruler has come into his kingdom.

Yes-sir-ee-Bobolink! Let me gently break the news to you that the pope of Rome has at last persuaded the Italian government to lay him off a little patch of ground that he can call his very own, and over which he can rule as an earthly monarch. Now he can carry on his great "affairs of state" just like the other big nations, and have his ministers and envoys and all the rest of it. Of course Uncle Sam will now fall over himself to open diplomatic relations with this new "state", although he never has been able to find out that Soviet Russia is on the map.

But such a "state" for a great monarch to lord it over with supreme power! About the size of an ordinary cow pasture in North Carolina. Ten or twelve acres at the outside—maybe less. And the old dried-up Dago is going to call that a sovereign state and carry on his doll-play just like a real baby.

It reminds me of the three kings of Chickeraboo. One time there was three niggers from Chickeraboo, and they took a notion that they wanted to be kings. So they got three old barrels and planted them in the shallow water of the ocean near the shore, and these barrels they called "islands." And then each nigger got up on his island and annuonced that he was a king. Great Britain's navy came along and the admiral saw the three islands and the three kings on them, and he went and bowed and scraped before them in regular royal style.

That's sorter the kind of a king the pope is going to be there in his little state about the size of a cotton patch carved out of one corner of Rome, and not even an outlet for his great navy, which is probably a couple of wooden shoes from Holland.

The Fool-Killer is fortunate in being able to give the boundaries of this new "holy state", and you can see for yourself how vast a territory it covers. Here are the boundaries of the new papal state as received by The Fool-Killer directly from Rome through the last official liar that came over.

Beginning at the upper left hand corner of the holy Vatican and running slonchways five and a half poles to the holy pig-pen, thence still running nearly slonchways three poles and twelve links to the holy chicken-house, thence whompergoddlin and crossways eight and a quarter poles to a sacred stake in the holy cow-lot, thence north 360 degrees west two poles and eight links around the corner of holy St. Peter's church to the holy ash-hopper, and then whicker-winding back to the holy beginning, containing ten acres more or less.

Sarn-take it all, why can't I climb the old dead stump in my front yard and tell this lost and half-baked world that I am some shakes of a king myself? Just wait till I send to Roars & Sawbuck and get me a nice new crown. And then look out, little 'uns.

## POSITIVE PROOF

The Fool-Killer has just received information from Julius Caesar, who got it straight from the Prophet Daniel, to the effect that Queen Victoria had stated in the presence of Abraham and Isaac that she heard Woodrow Wilson tell the Apostle Paul that Harry Thaw had just received a a letter from Emperor Nero containing positive proof that Abraham Lincoln had told the King of Egypt that he was present when Patrick Henry declared before the Roman Senate that Booker Washington had told William Shakespeare that Josephus Daniels had overheard Martin Luther telling Christopher Columbus that Johndee Rocky was very positive about what he heard Napoleon say to Moses in connection with the report that J. P. Morgan had shown the White House Spokesman a clipping from the Wall Street Journal in which it was positively proven that the Benited States is rich and ain't got no poor kinfolks. Seelum.

Now you tell one.

## TOO COLD AND TOO HOT

The Fool Killer,
Boomer, N. C.

Please do not send The Fool-Killer to me any more. I subscribed for it because I thought it was progressive and radical. I see it is not—therefore discontinue sending it to me.

John Schieberl,
Joplin, Mo.

The Fool Killer,
Boomer, N. C.

I ask you to stopp sending me your old radicol Soshlist Fool-Killer. Ile have you to know that I am a Patert and not no dern Bolchyvick, and your paper aint fit to read.

Willard Hanna,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Now what in the Tom Walker and all the rest of the Walker family is a feller going to do? One thinks it ain't radical enough and the other thinks it is entirely too radical. Now a fish would probably think the air was too dry, and a bird would argue till doomsday that the river was too wet, and neither of them would be satisfied with the plain old surface of the earth. Now I guess one of the above kickers must be a fish, and I know the other one is a bird, and it ain't much wonder that they are not satisfied with the thinking of a plain man who tries to keep his feet on the solid ground.

To change the figure of speech a little, let me just remark to Mr. John Schieberl and Mr. Willard Hanna that I am not trying to please either of them, and if they don't like the pickin' in my literary pasture they are both welcome to hop over the fence and try their snouts in some other man's tater patch.

## PARAGRAPHS.

'Railway President to Testify in Union Suit," says a headline. What's wrong about that? You wouldn't expect a man to go without a union suit this cold weather, would you?

Seventy-five or a hundred years ago the girls all knew how to use the spinning-wheel. Well, as to that, the girls of today are mighty fond of spinning wheels, too, only they prefer rubber ones.

"Women's feet are two sizes larger than they were in 1890," says somebody who claims to know. Well, what is so wonderful about that? Why shouldn't they have grown some in 39 years?

Let's you and me sorter take up with each other from now on.

## AN OFFICIAL QUAIL HUNT

A certain Cal Coolidge, as you may have heard,
Went down in Virginia to shoot him a bird—
To shoot him a quail for to make him a pie,
For he's a good eater, and that is no lie.

He took him some clothes like the hunters all wear,
And he took him a gun that was loaded for bear,
And he took him a dog that was blooded and fine,
And a man to look after the precious canine.

He was careful to see there was nothing he lacked,
And it took him a week to get everything packed,
Which included provisions and music and books,
And a tent and a bed and a couple of cooks.

It seemed like a great preparation to make
When only the life of a bird was at stake.
But Cal was determined to do it up right
If it took him from now till his whiskers were white.

So he went to Virginia, as I have remarked,
And found an old camp where some hunters had parked,
And he sent out his men to explore all around
And see if a partridge or two could be found.

When the birds had been found (for of course they were thick)
They didn't seem scared and they didn't look sick,
But sat around smiling, as much as to say:
'We're a-going to have fun in this medder today."

The president's typewriter, always at hand,
Was quickly set up on its portable stand,
And the president hammered off thousands of words
Of a state proclamation to read to the birds.

"Dear birds," it began, "I am not unaware
That life is as sweet to the birds of the air
As it is to a president out with a gun,
But a hard-working ruler has got to have fun.

"So I hope, my dear birds, that you're patriots true,
And can feel the great honor that's coming to you—
Of being shot down in your beautiful prime
By the mighty Cal Coolidge who wants a good time.

"Just think how the next generation of quails
Will stand at attention and twiddle their tails,
And boastingly tell in a voice of pride
How once their brave fathers had gloriously died.

"Now step out in line, like good soldiers will,
And stand close together and perfectly still,
And hold up your heads and draw in a deep breath,
And be thankful to meet such a glorious death."

Having written these lines, with a wave of his hand
He summoned a flunkey and gave the command:
"Go read to the quails that you find in the field
This great proclamation here solemnly sealed."

So the man took the paper and read it aloud,
And the birds never did look so happy and proud,
And they nodded their little brown heads for to say
That they quite understood and would gladly obey.

Now the great little ruler of the forty-eight states
Was saddened, of course, when he thought of the fates
Of the beautiful birds he was going to slay,
But it had to be done, and with no more delay.

So he picked up the gun that was loaded for bear,
And he balanced it well on a stump that was there,
And he dropped to his knee and he took a fine sight,
And he pulled on the trigger with all of his might.

The gun went off like a war-time bomb
And shocked that president deaf and dumb,
And kicked him back in a broom-straw pile,
Where he lay and grunted for a right smart while.

Not a bird was touched, not a feather flew,
But they all sat lined up just as true,
As if they waited for one more shot
To see if Callie could hit the spot.

The charge went over the birds somehow
And shot off the horns of a muley cow
As she grazed in a field of timothy hay
On another plantation two miles away.

—James Larkin Pearson.

## KEEP YOUR BREECHES ON, THEN

Anybody who has carefully followed the news from South America during Herb's swing around the circle could see commercial greed sticking out like a sore thumb all over the whole business. Herb made speeches everywhere, and he was long on "friendship", as might have been expected, but he never failed to work in a few words of advice telling the South Americans how to run their business, and how they ought to come up here and borrow money from the United States and get in debt to Wall Street and have to take orders from Morgan and Rockefeller.

Is it just his spirit of generosity that makes Hoover want South America to get heels over head in debt to Wall Street? And is it just to help and encourage the weaker peoples of South America that he wants it done?

All who believe it is, please pull off your breeches. Nary a shirt-tail do I see.

## TO BE BORN OR NOT BORN

Doggon it, we are always bumping into troublesome questions, and here is one that we must wrassle with for the next few generations:

Do people who never get born miss anything by not being born? They do miss a doggon sight of trouble, of course, and they ought to be thankful for that. If you could peep around the corner of the future and ask the unborn folks whether they want to be born or not, what would they say?

While the pate-rots, militarists, munition-makers and warlords are tearing their shirts for bigger families, so that there will be plenty of cannon fodder for the Next War, there are other men at work just as hard to keep down the population of the world.

Which is right?

Do we need more people or fewer people?

Do we need sorrier people or better people?

A few years ago the legislature of Virginia passed a Sterilization Law, and it was approved by the Supreme Court of the United States. At last account it was still on the books, but I don't know how it is working. The idea is to pick out the idiots, the weak-minded and the criminals, and fix them so they cannot reproduce their kind. When people are a burden to themselves and to society, and it is a self-evident fact that all their offspring will be the same, is it any harm to stop their race before it goes any further? These unborn idiots and criminals do not yet exist, if you please. You don't have to kill anybody. You merely want to prevent them from ever being born.

That looks all right, don't it? If an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, surely it is better to prevent unfortunates from being born than it would be to let them fill the world with suffering and then try in vain to cure the condition.

But wait!

There is another side to it.

Who is going to have the job of enforcing such a law? Who is going to draw the line and say who shall be sterilized and who shall not? Right there is a mighty ticklish place, you want to know.

Give the Roman Catholics power to enforce such a law, and they would kill off everybody but Roman Catholics.

Give the Ku Klux that power, and they would kill off everybody but Ku Klux.

Give any Protestant denomination the chance and they would sterilize everybody but their own crowd.

Give the war jingoes the power to say who should survive, and there would be nobody left but war jingoes and wild-eyed pate-rots.

Always the crowd in power would scheme to perpetuate itself, and at the same time kill off everybody that didn't agree with its peculiar ideas of running the world.

Just agree with the crowd in power and you would be a smart man and a desirable citizen, no matter if you were as mean as the devil and didn't have sense enough to pound sand in a rat-hole.

But just dare to disagree with the ruling powers or question the wisdom of their methods, and right there is where you and all your posterity would get off the earth.

Hang-take it, I am sorter puzzled about that. I used to think I was in favor of such a law. But I dunno. It looks like a two-horned dilemma, and I'm afraid both horns are loaded with dynamite. Less-us run and hide.


## BAIT FOR SICK SUCKERS

By Gee McGee

Do you feel bloated after eating and have shooting pains in the stummick, and become dizzy after gazing over a precipice? If so, you should take Dr. Killem's Punk Pills for Pale People. For sale by all unreliable druggists and book stores.

Do you have bad dreams after eating pork chops? Do you feel all run down when you've played bridge for only five or six hours? Do you gulp your food and coffee? This condition forebodes epileptic fits and possibly fallen arches. Dr. Chokem's Vegetable Compound for Wild Women will put you straight. Sold by all unreliable foot peddlers and bill collectors. Terms, ten cents down and the balance at the cemetery.

How's your liver? Do you belch after chewing Brown's Mule, eating pig's knuckles and drinking home brew? Do you stare at flappers, talk in your your sleep, dodge your landlord, and eat between meals? It will take only two bottles of Dr. Swindler's Digesto according to directions, and good health is yours. Mrs. Spookdoodle could not eat but eight biscuits for breakfast before she took Digesto, but now she can eat all she wants. It helped her husband also. It is good for man and beast. Send two dollars and maybe you will get a sample bottle.

Does your wife disagree with you? Do the girls shun you? Do you know that Hallie Tosis leads one to the grave? Does you head swim and your nose run and your heart flutter and your kidneys wiggle when you lean forward or backward or sideways? These are sure symptoms of galloping corn-sumption or anti-geodometric incipientis of the ceremonosity of the intercerception of the perenial gland. Nothing within reach of mankind today will cure this malady except Dr. Hittem Hard's Pokeberry Juice. Sold by all bootleggers.

# The FOOL-KILLER

Vol. XIV. Boomer, North Carolina, April, 1929. No. 11.


## Gee-Whillikins What a Fine Remedy!

Whoop and hooray!
Run here quick!

Prop open your best ear and listen—I've got some great news.

The long-standing and troublesome "farm problem" has been suddenly solved at one powerful swipe, so they do say.

And how?

Well, bless your mortal gizzard, here's how: The Bureau of Economics of the Department of Agriculture has been inspired with the divine idea of persuading the dear old farmers to curtail their output. In other words, they are asked to plant fewer acres and produce smaller crops, so that there will not be an unconsumed surplus to glut the market and keep prices down.

The farmer must find out just how much the nation can eat, with a few cold biscuits left over for the dog, and then limit his output to that figure. Thus he will sell his little crop at a high price and make more profit than he would on a bigger crop at a lower price. Oh, such wisdom! Don't you wish we were all smart like that?

But the Bureau and Washstand of the Department of Tater-Bugs seems to forget that the Secretary of Elbow Grease, Mister Jim Jam Davis, has let it become officially known that 86 per cent of the people are poor, and that the average worker's wage does not allow him to buy, even at a low price, enough of the farm products to keep his family decently fed and clothed.

The aforesaid Bureau will primp up its mouth like kissing a grass widder and tell you that there has heretofore been a surplus of farm products that had to be sold to Europe or Hepsidam at a reduced price. But it is mighty doggon careful not to tell you that there still remains a great number of hungry people here in the home country who would have been migthy glad to get that "surplus" if they could have paid for it, and after they all got their bellies full and a few clothes on their backs there would not have been much "surplus" left over for Europe and Hepsidam.

But our money-masters would rather almost give away the farm "surplus" to outsiders than to sell it at a reasonable price to the needy people here in our own land. That's "patriotism" to beat Bobtail.

The dickens of it is that while the farmer's selling price is too low, the consumer's buying price is already too high. After the stuff gets out of the farmer's hands, then speculator sharks go and double up the price and gouge the poor devils who have to eat and wear. If there was some way of getting the producer and consumer together without so blamed many middlemen in between, that would solve the problem.

But the remedy is for Farmer Corntossel to produce less, eh?

Gosh! Why don't they tell Ford and Chrysler and General Motors to produce fewer cars?

Why don't they tell the oil companies to produce less oil and gas?

Why don't they persuade the coal mine operators to dig less coal?

Why don't they convince the steel trust that it should not make so much steel?

Why don't they make the daily papers cut down the number of pages, take fewer advertisements and get fewer subscribers?

Why don't they tell the railroads to run fewer trains?

Why don't they tell the politicians to make out with a smaller number of offices?

Why don't they tell the merchants to sell fewer goods?

Why don't they tell the birds to not sing so much?

Why don't they notify God that He mustn't hang out quite so many stars in the sky?

It seems that everything except the farmer must go at full tilt and do as much business as possible. They tell us that "business" is good when the rest of them make all they can, but when the farmer makes all he can, then "business" is bad. That's kuris to me. And so the farmer must hang up his hoe and go to sleep under a shade tree so that he will not produce an over-supply of something to eat and wear. Say, Mister One-Gallus Laboring Man, are you losing any sleep for fear your family will get too much to eat and wear?

## They Smell Blood!

Anyone who reads the current weekly and monthly book reviews and takes note of all the popular new books as they come out, can hardly have failed to notice the present vogue of the "murder" story. Well, that doesn't quite make my meaning plain either. What I mean is that there seems just now to be a great fad for having the word "Murder" in the titles of books, just as if the word itself must be very attractive and appealing to the general reader. Can that be possible?

Hardly a week passes without a new book being announced with the word "Murder" in its title, which would seem to indicate that the reading public is beginning to crave a few more buckets of blood. In scanning the ads in just one issue of The New York Times Book Review I find no less than seven new books playing up the word "Murder" in the title. Most of them seem to be "best sellers," too, if we may believe the ads. Big black type screams "Murder" at me from nearly every page, but I don't want me nary bucket of blood just now, and so I shall not buy me nary murder story at present.

One man who calls himself S. S. Van Dine has built himself a great reputation purely on murder stories, and he is now turning them out as fast as time can roll. And here's the limit—a a "book club" has been organized calling itself the "Crime Club," and its object is to specialize in the literature of crime and to push the murder stories.

Here's what I've got to say about it: Both the authors and the publishers of such reeking red-handed rot ought to be taken to some big butcher yard and forced to wade in cow blood and cow guts up to their hip pockets for the next five years.

### HEAVEN

A thousand times I have been told
That heaven's streets are paved with gold,
And every gate that guards the throne
Is one great glittering precious stone.

The saints, through all the endless days,
Just march around and sing God's praise,
And play one never-ending song
On golden harps they tote along.

But, strangely, there is nothing said
About a springtime flower-bed,
And preachers never say a word
To tell that heaven has a bird.

I think one thing that heaven needs
Is several packs of flower seeds,
And some good angel that would know
Just how to use a golden hoe.

—James Larkin Pearson.

### A JACKASS FOR OFFICE

It is related that a man once called on President Lincoln and asked to be appointed to some office. Lincoln's keen judgment told him that the man was not qualified for any office, so he said: My friend, I cannot give you an office, but I will tell you a story:

"There was once a king who was very fond of hunting. This king stopped at a mountain cottage one summer day and asked for some refreshments. When the king started out in the afternoon, the mountaineer who had entertained him begged him not to go out as there would be a severe storm in a few hours. But the king would not listen to his advice, and set off for game. In a short time, however, he came galloping back in the midst of a terrific storm. When the storm had passed over the king said to the mountaineer: 'You are a wise man and I will give you an office.'

"But the mountaineer replied, 'It was not by my wisdom that I was able to forecast the weather, but I could tell by the way the jackass you were riding worked his ears that there was going to be a storm.'

"Then the king said, 'If you will not accept the office I will give it to the jackass.'

"And thus," said Lincoln, "ever since then every jackass has been wanting an office."

## THE FOOL-KILLER

A Literary Mustard-Plaster to Draw Blisters on Society, Church and State

Published Monthly at
BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA

James Larkin Pearson, Editor

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Boomer, - - - North Carolina.


# STOP! LOOK! Listen!

**The regular price of The Fool-Killer is 40 cents a year for one single sub, or 25 cents a year in clubs of four or more.**

**But I have decided to make a Special Bargain Offer for just a limited time only. From now until the first day of May, 1929, I will accept subscriptions at only TEN CENTS each if sent in clubs of TEN or more at one time.**

**Now get out among your good friends and neighbors and go to rolling up the clubs. Let's have 50,000 new subscribers by the first day of May. Tote this paper everywhere you go and draw it on everybody you see. Don't let anybody escape. At TEN CENTS a year The Fool-Killer is a heap easier to take than the measles or the itch. Ready? Let's go!**

### MISSED!

On account of sickness and other troubles which made it impossible for me to work, I didn't get to make any Fool-Killers for February and March. This issue was started for February, but it turned out to be April before I could get it mailed. All subscriptions will be advanced so that each subscriber will get the right number of copies anyway. I am battling against great difficulties all the time and doing the very best I can. Please be patient. I will do better some time.

# IDIOTORIALS

There was a terrible robbery in in the back yard last night. Two clothespins held up a shirt.

In eating grapes, the rule is: If at first you don't suck seed, suck, suck again.

Which do you like best, Kellogg Peace Pacts or Kellogg Corn Flakes?

It is said that Einstein's new theory of space ain't got a thing to do with parking space.

If you pity the parents of the modern generation, just think of the father flea who sees all of his children going to the dogs.

Sing a song of peace pacts
Signed by diplomats,
While they harbor war facts
'Neath their silken hats.

"Where does Sir Oliver Lodge?" inquires a Fool-Killer subscriber. Why, at the same place where Weejy boards, of course.

Had you heard about the great reduction in the price of postage stamps? You can now buy 13 two-cent stamps for a cent and a quarter.

"The greatest single danger in the world to-day is the strident patriot," says Bishop G. Ashton Oldham. That's just as true as if I had said it myself.

The paper that's in a Kellogg Corn Flake box is just as valuable toward keeping peace in the world as the paper that's in the Kellogg Peace Pact. Every bit and grain.

They've got a brand-new rebellion in China under the leadership of Chang Chung-Chang. Sounds sorter like knocking the bung out of a cider barrel with a meat-axe.

The big dispute just now is between England and the Benighted States. It seems that thy want plenty of friendships on paper and plenty of warships on t he seas.

B. C. Kelland has writ a business story which he calls "Dynasty." Well, most of the grand rascals of Big Biz live nasty, and of course they die nasty, too. Very appropriate name, I guess.

That feller Segraves, the British automobile racing driver, is coming over to Daytona Beach with his new racer to see if he can break a record or his neck. If Mr. Segraves don't be careful there will be a grave, all right, but he won't see it.

Dick Byrd reports by radio that he has discovered a vast new territory of land near the South Pole. He has claimed it in the name of the United States, but I think he aims to leave it down there to hold that end of the world together. That's all it's fit for.

# Sermon on Prosperity

Yes-sir-ee-Bobolink! This is shore-to-goodness going to be a sermon on the "prosperity" that we ain't got and probably won't have the next time you hear from us.

It is sometimes sorter dangerous to tell the plain barefooted truth in this land of millionaires and beggars, palaces and poorhouses, silk stockings and starvation. But since our millionaire Secretary of Labor, Mr. Jim Jam Davis, has been so careless as to let the truth about our "prosperity" leak out at one corner of his mouth, I guess they won't hardly dare to hang me for preaching one of my Fool-Killer sermons on the subject.

Now, as I said, Mr. Jim Jam Davis, our millionaire Secretary of Labor at Washington, has done gone and spilt the beans, but I don't think he intended for the news to get out to the American public. It seems that Mr. Jim Jam had occasion to write a letter to somebody in Wales, where poverty is even wusser than it is here, and he wanted to say something that would sorter console those suffering people and get them resigned to their fate, and he thought it might help some to let them know that they were not the only poor people in the world. and so he blabbed it right out and and told them that 86 per cent of the American people were poor. Mr. Jim Jam's letter was published all over Europe and created such a sensation that it was cabled back to American and published here, and that is how we got hold hold of it. Here is part of what Mr. Jim Jam wrote to his friend in Wales:

"There has been for many years in Europe, and especially since the Great War, an impression that all Americans are wealthy and that poverty amongst us is conspicuous only by its absence

"I wish, indeed, that the popular European impression were a true one, but no foreign impression of us has ever been more false It is true that most Americans whom Europeans meet abroad are wealthy, or at least well-to-do, but Americans who travel in Europe are but a small percentage of the population.

"We have citizens who can estimate their wealth in millions, but so have other countries. And we have our poor also as other countries have, and some of our poor, as is true of all other countries, are in such desperate circumstances as to be in need of assistance.

"If Great Britain has a workhouse, American has a poorhouse, and there are inmates in one as well as in the other. Unfortunately, the economist knows only too well that there are people in all the infernos of the earth. There are altogether to many of them in the infernos of America.

"It may be that we are on the way to solving the problems of poverty in America. I hope we are, but we can hardly claim to have solved it so long as many Americans are living under depressing conditions. The brotherhood of poverty is world-wide, and we share it with you.

"I admit that the worker in America is better off than the worker of any other country in the world. But the American worker is not dwelling in Utopia. No country can be considered Utopian when 86 per cent of its people are poor."

Now, by grannies! How does that sound to come from a leading member of the millionaire cabinet of this "prosperity" administration? How does it harmonize with all the sugar-coated bunk about "prosperity" that we have been fed on by the plute press? How does it tally with the rose-colored picture painted by President Coolness in his recent message to Congress?

To save my gizzard I can't understand how it happened that a member of a "prosperity" administration could so far forget himself as to let it become known that the alleged prosperity that we are supposed to have is only a farce and a humbug. It looks like Mr. Jim Jam would have known better than to dispute the word of his big little boss in the White House. Looks to me like that letter is liable to cause trouble and hard feelings and anger and cuss words among the great and the near-great in Washington and Wall Street.

Why, honey-child, don't you know that there is plenty of prosperity in America — just dead oodlins of it, in fact. Mr. Jim Jam in his unfortunate confession puts only 86 per cent of the people in the poor class. That leaves 14 per cent who are rich. Now it seems perfectly reasonable that if 14 per cent of us are rich, the rest of us ought to be satisfied with our poverty. Haven't we been told all our lives that poverty is a blessing? And if 86 per cent of us are in possession of that great blessing, why should we kick? The 14 per cent who are rich have got the prosperity all right, and the rest of us don't count, nohow. So when the plute papers talk about how prosperous "we" are, they mean the 14 per cent, and that measly 86 per cent of poor trash can go hang. Amen, Brother Ben! Ain't it just awful how rich "we" are?

### THE EDITOR'S FIGHT

A subscriber to an Iowa paper, being displeased with some remarks made by the editor, went in to whip him. How well he succeeded is given in the editor's own words:

"There was a blow. Somebody fell. We got up. Turning upon our antagonist, we succeeded in winding his arms around our waist, and by a quick maneuver threw him on top of us, bringing our back at the same time in contact with the solid bed of the printing press. Then, inserting our nose between his teeth, and cleverly entangling his hands in our hair, we had him."

# YOU AND ME

## Settin' By the Fire

Let's see—what was I talking about last? Well, it doesn't matter—I am going to change the subject, anyhow. Say, let's have a sort of "get acquainted" chat. Let's imagine that you are here at my house or that I am there at your house, and that we are sitting around the big open fireplace talking and eating red apples. Supper is over and the babies put to bed, and the cat is asleep on the rug. It is snowing outside. Groundhog weather. But we soon forget the weather as we watch the cheerful blaze go laughing up the chimney and listen to the old clock ticking on the mantle. The clock reminds us that time passes and that bed-time will be here pretty soon. But we are not a bit sleepy, and it doesn't matter if we sit up and talk till midnight.

I have often thought that perhaps you might be getting a wrong picture of me in your mind from reading my droll home-made talk in The Fool-Killer. Perhaps you get the idea that I talk that way because I don't know any other way to talk. Well, hardly. But there's a reason, as Post used to say. This Fool-Killer talk is a style that I invented over 20 years ago, and it has never been successfully imitated. I use it because it gets results, while the same thoughts expressed in the king's English would fall flat, like dropping a hunk of rye dough in a cold skillet.

In one sense of the word, The Fool-Killer is just a clownish "make-up" that I put on to draw the crowd. But there is more to it than that. There is a message that I want the reader to get, and my plan is to make him laugh right big and then cram the truth down him while his mouth is open.

Get this straight—I am indeed a confirmed Radical and Nonconformist. Whenever I see the organized gangs of Pate-rots and bunk-shooters going in one direction, I generally take the other end of the road. I am pretty well disillusioned and am getting more so every day. You will usually find me on the "unpopular" side of any question that comes up, because I have learned that the big crowd is nearly always wrong, or at least a hundred years behind the times. The cranks and radicals are not always right, either, but at least they are interesting, and most of them are honestly trying to be right, which is more than can be said of the big gang. And the radicals are human—there is a spirit of brotherhood and helpfulness among them that is finer than anything I have found among the plutocrats. I wouldn't take any price you could mention for my acquaintance and friendship with the radical poets, authors and editors of America these twenty years past. I correspond more or less regularly with a large number of them, and they have been the best and truest friends I ever had. They have taken me into their charmed circle and accepted me as one of them, and the little reputation I have as a writer has been gained largely through their help. Do you happen to know that practically every real and worth-while poet in the world today is a radical of some sort? The great English poet, John Masefield, (who was once a dish-washer in New York), has said: "In this desperate world there is little worth writing about except the destitute and disinherited millions down in the abyss of civilization."

So it should not surprise anybody that I have espoused the cause of the under dog and lifted up my voice for the oppressed.

But after doing my day's work for the Cause (and incidentally for my bread and gravy) I need the relaxation of other interests. So there are my "hobbies" to jump on and ride till bed time. They are all educational in their nature, and just about the best saddler among them is Reading. If you have been judging my mental calibre merely by The Fool-Killer, you may be surprised at the kinds of literature I read. My general news reading is supplemented by The Literary Digest and two or three other big weeklies. To keep up with current books and the writers of books, I read the New York Times Book Review. Among the standard high-class literary magazines, the three that I devour most eagerly are The Bookman, The Forum, and The Atlantic Monthly. Also the best of the literary reviews are in my line—such as The North American Review, The Yale Review, etc. Also read as many as possible of the poetry magazines, a few writers' trade journals, and an arm-full of exchanges. My reading table is a wilderness of books, magazines and papers, and my wife never gets done fussing about what a "mess" it is.

My book reading runs to deep and serious subjects, so far removed from "Fool-Killer style" that you never would think of them in connection with The Fool-Killer.

My little library of some 800 volumes contains less fiction than anything else. Poetry bulks largest of all, and after that comes Biography, with History, Science, Religion and Philosophy following. One shelf is filled with autogragh copies presented to me by the authors. I am also interested in Theology, Geology, Biology, Archeology and Physics, with a strong hankering after Astronomy.

In short, I am an uneducated or self-educated backwoods book-lover with a taste for writing and a healthy disgust for the sham respectabitity of a rotten money aristocracy.

Hello here! The old clock is striking 12—midnight! Lessus go to bed. See ye later.


# CLUB RATES--You Tell 'Em!

## In Clubs of Four or More, 25 Cents

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 40 cents a year but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of 4 or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 25 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every state in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

# The Fool-Killer, Boomer, N. C.


### PARAGRAPHS.

A Pate-rot is a man whose pate has rotted.

A Pay-trot is a man who gets pay for trotting.

A Patriot, in the honorable sense. is a thing of the past.

A Bible and a prayer book in one pocket, and a pistol and a bottle of booze in the other! And that is your dear Uncle Samuel.

Mary had a little lamb
Given her to keep.
It followed her around until
It died from lack of sleep.

Just think of the suffering and death that Noah could have prevented by leaving that pair of Flu germs out of the Ark.

### ANOTHER BOOMER

I have discovered that Boomer, North Carolina, is not the only famous Boomer in this well-known world. Away out hyander at Avery, Iowa, there is a most amazing feller named Axel Peterson who is doing things with paper and printer's ink, and out of his little hand-press there comes forth about every so often a minature sheet bearing the famous and honorable name of "The Boomer." Sometimes when The Boomer wants to put on a few extra frills and astonish the natives it comes out as "The World-Famous Avery Boomer." That name always brings home the bacon, and if there is a more famous paper in the world it has never been heard of. The Boomer talks mostly about the Avery girls, and the preacher at the Avery church, and how Editor Peterson is getting them all lined up on some new sort of "religion." The Avery folks seem to be a pretty tough bunch, but Axel thinks he is going to get them all saved and ready to sprout wings pretty soon if they will just keep on reading The Boomer. What chance is there for the rest of us poor editors to get any attention when the whole world is standing on tip-toe of excitement to see what happens next in Avery, Iowa?

### WHO WANTS A WOMBLATT?

Among all the strange critters and animules that ever made tracks in the sands of time, the very latest that we have heard about is the "Womblatt" which Roy Chap Andrews discovered on his recent trip to the Gobi Desert. The sample copy which Roy found and fotched home seems to be a very young Womblatt. It is only 30 feet long, and is thought to be not more than six million years old.

Nobody ever had seen or heard tell of a Womblatt before, and I reckon you are wondering how Roy knew what its name was. Well, that was easy. A distant relative of ours by the name of Adam had the job of naming all the animals in the beginning, if you remember, and this one still had its tag on it, written in Adam's well-known handwriting, and so there was no question about it. Adam failed to write anything on the card to tell what the Womblatt is good for, but Roy hopes that some use can be found for it. Anybody who is in need of a good Womblatt should apply early and avoid the rush. For my part, I feel impressed to say that a very few Womblatts would last me a long time.

Don't worry if your job is small,
And your rewards are few;
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you.

I stood on the bridge at midnight;
The sun was shining fair.
Someone took the bridge away
And left me standing there.

# THE DEVIL'S LETTER

### The Old Boy Is Very Well Pleased With the Way Things Are Going On Earth.

The Hot Place,
Groundhog Day, 1929.

To the Pate-rots of An erica,
Dear Buddies:

Groundhog Day! By grannies! And I hadn't thought of it till just now. They tell me it is snowing up there in the Benited States. I can hardly realize it. We never have any snow down here. This is what you might call a warm climate all the year around. Some of the inhabitants of this place claim that it is entirely too hot, but it suits me all right. I suppose the reason we have no groundhog weather down here is because we have no groundhog, and if anybody was to send us a groundhog it would soon be fried meat, or sausage, or something like that. It would never have a chance to be afraid of its shadder down here, because in about ten seconds there wouldn't be enough of it left to make a shadder.

Speaking of groundhogs reminds me that some folks up there in your world are very much like the groundhog—they are afraid of their shadders. I refer to those strange creatures that call themselves Pacifists and go around preaching against war and trying to get peace and disarmament and all that sort of tommyrot. I hate that sort of people. They are working right against me and my business all the time. I like those brave he-men sort of folks who love to fight and carouse and shed blood and have a real good time. My friend Nietzsche had the right idea, and I want all you Pate-rots to be brave fighters and hate other people and keep as much devil stirred up in the world as you possibly can, and don't let the Dove of Peace find any place to roost.

Say, I have been so tickled ever since your Congress met in Washington that my sides are sore from laughing, and the pitchfork on the end of my tail has got so loose it rattles. I shall have to get my tsil mended before I laugh much more.

That race between the Kellogg Peace Pact and the Coolidge Cruiser Bill to see which could pass under the rope first—that was better than a circus. It was like an old setting hen hitched up with a wildcat. Some people had an idea that the hen would tame the wildcat and trot right along to heaven with it. But I wasn't a bit uneasy. I put my money on the wildcat every time. I knew the Peace Pact was just a dose of sleeping-powders given to the peace cranks till the war program could be put over. And it worked like a charm. As soon as they had taken the dose they went to sleep and let the Cruiser bill go sliding through like a greased eel on ice. They bought a ticket to heaven, and then jumped on the hell bound train.

But that suits me, and I thank you Pate-rots for supporting the Cruiser Bill. I wish you had made it 30 cruisers instead of 15. Why, at 17 million dollars apiece, that's only 255 million dollars. That ain't half enough. I am informed that of all your government expenditures you have been averaging only 93 cents in the dollar for war. What in the devil do you do with that other seven cents?

I want to see the Benited States start building the biggest navy in the world, so that England will get scared and start building a still bigger one. That's the idea—play one against the other and each against all and keep everybody scared. Don't allow anybody to believe that there is any chance of peace in the world. Poke fun at the peacemakers, and when some dangerously honest man like Senator McMaster, of South Dakota, gets up in the Senate and offers a plan that really would put a stop to war by picking out the men who cause it and putting them in the trenches first—I say when such a crank as that starts talking it is your pate-rot-ic duty to laugh him down. Gosh, it never would do for such men as that to get control of the world. They would plum ruin my business and I would have to close up shop and go back to heaven and be bossed around there like I was before I raised that rebellion and got booted out.

It will certainly be a gloomy day for me and my place of business when you folks up there on earth decide to not have any more wars. Of course there are many other kinds of sin and evil that help to bring me recruits, but what I'm afraid of is this: If you ever do get good enough to quit your fighting, you might get good enough to quit your other meanness too, and then I would be in a devil of a fix.

Just between you and me, I will admit that you American Pate-rots are the finest people on earth, and I want to see you start a big war and get control of all the rest of the world. The British ain't nothing but durned hogs and rascals nohow, and the French ain't much better. Just forget about going over to fight for them a few years ago. They were honey and pie then, of course, but now they are vinegar and rotten eggs, and they ought to be wiped off the earth. I am telling you this confidentially, and at the same time I am writing a letter to the British pate-rots telling them what a contemptible lot of Shylocks and traitors and outlaws you Americans are, and asking them to rise up in their strength and wipe you off the map. That's the way I go at it, boys. That's the way I run my business. If I can just get a nice red war started between England and America, and then get all the other nations drawn into it, I will be the happiest devil you ever heard tell of. I can then sit down and pat my foot, and you drotted fools up there will carry on my work for me.

But, looky here, what about that Quaker President you-all got? Will he fight or not fight? Just leave that to me—I'll take the responsibility of looking after Herbert. He and I are brothers in the church. Didn't you know that? Yes sir, I'm a Quaker too. I belong to all the churches.

Stop! Look! Listen! Warning! Danger! Whatever else you do, for Pete's sake don't let that old mean Fool Killer get hold of this letter and print it.

Yours for more war,

OLD MAN DEVIL.

### TAKING DEVIL UNAWARE

A colored preacher called on a white minister. He found the white man busy writing.

"What you-all doin'?" he asked.

"I'm preparing notes for my sermon for next Sunday.

The colored gentleman shook his head. "I certainly would never do dat, sir," he said. "De debbil am looking right over your shoulder and knows everything you gwine to say, an' he am prepared for you. Now, I don't make no notes when I gets up to talk, neder me nor de debbil himself don't know what I'm gwine to say."

### Knew His Nightingale

One time on the Texas frontier a man came into camp riding an old mule.

"How much for the mule?" asked a bystander.

"Just a hundred dollars," answered the rider.

"I'll give you five dollars," said the other.

The rider stopped short, as if in amazement, and then slowly dismounted.

"Stranger," said he, "I ain't a-goin to let a little matter of ninety-five dollars stand between me and a mule trade. The mule's yourn."

# Caught the Old Boy Again

About 12 or 15 years ago The Fool-Killer had a great streak of luck. It discovered a way of getting copies of the private correspondence that passed between Old Man Devil of the well known Hot Place and his lieutenants and ward-heelers here on earth. We knew that our readers would enjoy this correspondence, and so we printed the Devil's Letters regularly for several years. They proved to be one of the most popular features that the paper has ever carried, and there were many expressions of regret when they stopped. The Devil found out what The Fool-Killer was doing, and he warned his correspondents to be more careful with his letters.

To be sure, the Old Nick has continued to keep in close touch with his crowd here on earth, but he was slick enough to keep his letters out of The Fool-Killer's hands for a long time.

But now, after many years of effort, we have worked another trick on the Old Boy and got his letters again. So we are now able to offer our readers a new and up-to-date series of Devil Letters. He writes to various kinds and classes of people that you would never think were his special friends, but they are, as you will see. He advises them how to run his business here on earth, praises their good work, and sometimes cusses them out for their blunders. Altogether, his letters are very enlightening as well as very entertaining. Look out for the Devil's Letter in each issue of The Fool-Killer from now on.

### No Time to Lose

A man who lives in a small town in North Carolina lost a very valuable dog. He went to the newspaper office and wrote an advertisement to run that night offering $25 reward for the dog. Evening came, and no paper appeared. Finally, anxious to see his ad, the man went down to the office of the newspaper and found nobody there but a negro boy.

"Isn't there going to be any paper this evening?" asked the man.

"No, suh!" replied the negro. "No paper today. Everybody's out huntin' for dat dog."

### A Fool There Was

Mary had a little mule; one day it followed her to school. The teacher, like a great big fool, went right up behind the mule and hit him squarely with a rule. P. S. Now there isn't any school.

# The FOOL-KILLER

Vol. XIV. Boomer, North Carolina, May, 1929. No. 12.


### A FEW LITTLE DURNS

In writing this thunder—
These sermons and rhymes—
I have to think "dammit"
A good many times.
But since that is cussing,
A fellow soon learns
To make out with only
A few little durns.

In reading the papers
And watching the mess
The leaders are making,
And all the distress,
I get so durn fretted,
And tickled in turns,
I just have to let out
A few little durns.

No matter how fretted
And angry I am,
I always remember
To never say dam.
But, oh, when my spirit
With righteous wrath burns,
I need in my business
A few little durns.

The durn politicians,
And sky-pilots, too—
The leaders of fashion,
And all the durn crew—
The gait they are going
Most fittingly earns
The impressive rebuke of
A few little durns.

Just "durn" isn't cussing,
In moderate use—
No more than a snow-bird
Is part of a goose.
When used by a man who
For righteousness yearns,
I hope there's no harm in
A few little durns.

Dear reader, be patient—
I know it sounds rough;
But I am the fellow
That's writing this stuff.
I know what is needed
In these-here concerns;
And you must allow me
A few little durns.

### Our Expensive "Ornaments."

The country is full of lawyers, and still the laws are not obeyed. The country is full of doctors, and still there is sickness and death on every hand. The country is full of preachers, and still everything seems to be going to the devil. Looks to me like the lawyers, doctors and preachers ain't a-doin' us much good. Huh?

### THE GREAT BATTLE OF SNOBOCRACY

Looky here. This is serious. This is awful. This is terrible. Indeed, this is a perfect hell-roaring tragedy. Storms and floods and earthquakes don't matter so much. Wars in Europe and China and Mexico are mere trifles. All these little annoyances can be passed over lightly and soon forgotten.

But when it comes to having a Vice-President who ain't got nary wife and who has to use his half-sister for official hostess, and when all the other blue-bloods begin to raise the devil about Sister's place at the table—then, by Ned, things are really getting serious.

Nothing has ever happened in these Benited States which so threatened the peace and safety of our land as the social war which has been raging about the person of Charlie Curtis's half-sister, Mrs. Gann. What place of honor or dishonor shall Mrs. Gann occupy at the official banquet table? Shall she be seated near the head, or at the foot, or shall she put on a cook's apron and go to the kitchen? Has a Vice-President got any power to confer dignity upon his half-sister, or can such a half-sister be an ornament and a social advantage to a rather sorry-looking Vice-President? If either Mrs. Gann or Alice Longworth or some of the foreign snobs have to get their little tender feelings hurt, which shall it be and how much?

These are solemn and momentous questions. The eternal destiny of nations hangs in the balance, and if any mistake should be made, the result would be far-reaching and fatal. The end of the world, or something worse, would be sure to come at once.

So let us all get together and read the Holy Book of Ettyket and pray over it. Let us send for Emily Post and see what she says about it, and for Pete's sake let's try to get this thing settled. Let Farm Relief go hang. Tell Disarmament to shut its mouth and wait. Turn Prohibition loose to shift for itself. We must forget religion and politics and big business and labor troubles and everything else. It is going to take all of our collective wisdom and power to settle this great social question on which all our future happiness depends, and we can't afford to think of anything else until we get Mrs. Gann comfortably seated in her proper place and the snobocracy satisfied. Amen!

### HOOVER ECONOMY

What I mean, our Quaker President has got all creation skint about several miles and a half when it comes to regular honest-to-God economy. Reckon you had heard what an awful pile of the people's money Herb has saved by getting rid of the Mayflower and the White House hosses.

The Mayflower has been the president's private yot for many years, and when there was any official yotting to do the yot was always ready. Herb is the first president who has not wanted the Mayflower. Evidently he is not much of a yotter. So he proposed to save the expense of keeping up the yot by having the crew transferred to some other government vessel where they will draw their pay out of Uncle Sam's pocket just the same. It's a perfect wonder how much that will save.

Then again, there is that other item about the White House hosses. Herb is built sorter like a fodder stack, and his skill as a hossback rider is about like that of the Prince of Wales. So Herb figgered that he just as well economize some more by not keeping the blue-blooded saddle hosses. So he would send them off. I forget where it is they are to go to, but it is some other government hangout, and the hosses will still have to eat out of Uncle Sam's corn crib just the same as in the past. And again it is plumb awful how much that will save.

Herb reminds me of the feller who went to mill riding a hoss and carrying a sack of corn on his shoulder. On being asked why he did that, he explained that it was to make the poor old hoss's load lighter. See?

If we had many worlds like this one to go through, it would just about plum wear us out.

### A MAN AND A MULE

Over the hill trailed a man behind a mule drawing a Dixie plow. The clod-hopper was talking to the mule, and this is what he was saying:

"Bill, you are a mule, the son of a jackass, and I am a man supposed to be made in the image of God. Yet here we work hitched together in year and out. I often wonder if you work for me or I work for you. Sometimes I think this is a partnership between a mule and a fool. For surely I work harder than you do. In plowing this piece of ground we cover the same distance, but you have four legs to walk on and I have only two. So, mathematically speaking, I do twice as much work per leg as you do.

"We are now preparing for a corn crop. When the corn is harvested I must give one third of it to the landlord for being kind enough to let me use this corner of God's universe. Another third goes to you, and what is left is my share. But while you consume all your third with the exception of a few cobs, I have to divide my third among a woman and seven children and two hogs.

"Bill, you are getting the best of me. It ain't fair for a mule, the son of a jackass, to rob a man, the lord of creation, of his substance. And, come to think of it, you only help cultivate the ground. After that I have to cut the corn and shock it and husk it, while you look over the fence and "he-haw" at me.

"All the fall and part of the winter the whole family, from me and the old woman down to the baby, have to pick cotton to help raise money to buy you a new set of harness and pay interest on the mortgage on you. And by the way, what do you care about the mortgage? It doesn't worry you any. Not a darn bit. You leave all the worrying to me, you ungrateful, onnery cuss.

"About the only time I seem to have the advantage of you is on election day, for I can vote and you can't. But if I ever get any more out of politics than you do, I can't see where it is."

# THE FOOL-KILLER

A Literary Mustard-Plaster to Draw Blisters on Society, Church and State

Published Monthly at BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA

James Larkin Pearson, Editor

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## THIS "RICH" COUNTRY

The late Harry Payne Whitney left an estate worth $200,000,000, and your Uncle Arthur Brisbane says Whitney was not a rich man. He says dozens of men in New York could buy all Whitney had and never miss the money. From which standpoint your Unce Arthur reasons that this is a rich country.

Yes it is, if you pick out just a few of the richest men and call them the country. But for every multimillionaire you can pick out, there will be a thousand poor men who ain't got surpus cash enough to buy a poke of roasted peanuts. But then, of course, they are nothing but "trash" and don't count. I guess all of us poor devils ought to be ashamed of ourselves for being here in this millionaire country, blundering around in the way of the rich and wanting a little something to eat and wear. We must be a terrible annoyance to the masters of millions.


## STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for Apr. 1. 1929.

State of North Carolina,
Wilkes County.

Before me, a Justice of the Peace in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared James Larkin Pearson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor, publisher and owner of The Fool-Killer, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown above:

Publisher, Editor, Managing Editor, Business Manager, Owner:
James Larkin Pearson, Boomer N. C.

Bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders.

None.

(Signed) James Larkin Pearson.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of April, 1929.

G. A. ELLER, J P

My commission expires Feb., 1930.


# IDIOTORIALS

The English language is a very good language to cuss with.

I have known lots of white men who were green.

If inspiration would fatten a man, poets wouldn't be so skinny.

Popular theology covers a heap of ground, but it is smeared on terribly thin.

Ha, there, Farmer Contossel, how much "relief" have you got yet?

It's a mystery to me why table knives are called "cutlery." I never saw one that would cut.

The Disagreement Conference came in like a super-eight studhoss and went out like a lousy calf.

It is getting so that the average man don't give a durn how empty his head is, just so his belly is good and full.

That little Gann man trotting along at Dolly's heels looks sorter like a snuff-box tied to a picnic wagon.

When the political pot boils it seems that the scum always rises to the top. Where's the skimmer?

Taking a seat at one of the Disagreement Conferences is sorter like sitting down on a boil without hurting the chair.

A "quack" doctor who can cure you is a doggon sight better than a "real" doctor who can't. What is it you want, anyhow?

Doctors write their prescriptions in a dead language, and after the patient takes the stuff he is soon as dead as the language is.

What is the use for the nations to have any more conferences to see if thy can disagree? Thy ought to know it by this time.

The new Secretary of War is James W. Good. And so if we have a war during this administration, it is bound to be a Good war.

Hoover's Secretary of Agriculture is Arthur M. Hyde. And now no matter how much the farmers are "skinned," they will still have a little Hyde left.

I have often noticed that the less a preacher knows the more fuss he can make. His brains evidently leak down into his chest and all turn to lungs.

This-here fool stuff that Will Rogers is putting out in the papers here lately is about the next best thing to Fool-Killer stuff. Always read The Fool-Killer first, but if there ever comes a time when you can't get hold of The Fool-Killer, then read Will Rogers.

## WANT YER HEAD CUT OFF?

Now, gentlemen, if you please, the house will come to order and we will carefully consider the matter of having our heads cut off. It may be that you haven't thought much about this important matter, and possibly you will have some difficulty at first in seeing what advantage it would be. And so The Fool-Killer feels that a solemn duty rests upon it to lay all the facts before you and let you decide for yourself whether you want your head cut off or not. Tastes are different, and there will of course be some who will not take advantage of this great discovery.

To get right down to business, what I am trying to tell you is this:

The newspapers a few weeks ago carried a strange and creepy story about a Russian scientist whose name is so long and so difficult looking that I will not even try to spell it out. But the report went on to say that this Russian scientist has invented or discovered a way to keep a dog's head alive for a long time after it is cut off from the dog's body. He seems to have a tank to hold the blood, and from this tank he attaches a system of tubes and pumps to the dog's head in such a way as to make the blood circulate through the head. The report said that as long as the blood was being pumped through it, the head would eat and drink, open and shut its eyes, and otherwise act like a normal dog. The head didn't even seem to know that its body had been cut off and thrown away.

But the best part of the story comes when our irrepressible friend, George Bernard Shaw, strolls into the picture. Shaw can always get a brilliant idea out of anything that comes along, and he shore-to-Mike did get a forty-hoss-power kick out of that Russian dog story. After turning it over and over in his mind and sucking all the juice out of it, Shaw's mental reaction is expressesd thusly—in his own words:

"I am greatly tempted to have my head cut off so that I may continue to dictate plays and books independently of any illness, without having to dress or undress, or eat, or do anything at all except to produce masterpieces of dramatic art and literature. I would, of curse, expect one or two vivisectionists to submit themselves to the experiment to prove to my satisfaction that it is practicable and not dangerous, but I assume that would not be any serious difficulty."

That's Shaw's brilliant idea, and it certainly does have its allurements. If we literary fellers could get rid of our old grunting and groaning bodies that have to have so much attention, and at the same time get rid of the cost of eating and wearing, that would be nearly as good as just being a "disembodied soul" that the preachers talk about.

But another able writer, my friend Johnston Avery of North Carolina, is not so sure about it. He thinks he will at least wait awhile and see how other people like it before he has his block chopped off. Says Mr. Avery:

"It is, of course, highly interesting, but for our part we will fuss along with all our bodily discomforts. The idea of having our head repose upon a shelf with a series of tubes and pumps strung out beneath us like the connection to a radio is anything but appealing. We might be able to do a vast amount of mental work, but we find ourselves agonizing over what course we would adopt when a pesky fly took up his roost on our nose. Our body does not always slip it off on all eight cylinders, but we choose to let it tag along while our mind is laboring on this and that. And as for relieving all bodily pain, what would this bodiless genius do when he had the headache? It sounds frightfully unappealing to us to face the prospect of having all there is to you throb with the terrific misery of a first-rate headache."

Doggon it, Mr. Avery, I hadn't thought about that. Guess I won't have my bean cut off, either.

## THIS MEANS YOU

Now, fellers, I have done my doggondest for one more time, and now I want you to roll up your sleeves and see what you can do. The more big clubs you send in the better I will feel and the sassier I can talk. Now get out among your buddies and read them a few chapters from The Fool-Killer and watch 'em shell out the quarters for subs. Send 'em in and I'll try to keep 'em awake.

## PLAY THIS ON YOUR NOSE

Feller at Columbia University says he is going to fix to play a tune on your nose with the different kinds of smells. Going to arrange the different odors in a musical scale and make you smell the tune instead of hearing it. That will be great stuff. But in order to play modern jazz by that method he will have to put in some Redemocan politics, a bundle of polecat hides, and a few trimmings from a hoss's foot.

## To My Correspondents

Every day I get personal letters that ought to be answered at once, but at present I am so rushed with work that I can't get time to answer any except the very most important ones. If you have written me a personal letter expecting to get a reply, and the reply has not reached you, this will explain the reason. Let the clubs continue to roll in, and remember that I appreciate your help and encouragement, even if I can't get time to write you a personal letter. In fact, I want each issue of this paper to be a personal letter to 25,000 people, anyhow.

It has been proposed that all ex-presidents of this country be made senators-at-large. I object to that. We've already got several senators at large who ought not to be at large.

## MORE BULL FROM GENEVA

And so it seems that Old Miss Russia has got this-here bald-headed planet just about scared stiff—not by arming, but by offering to disarm. First — and that was several months ago, if you remember—Russia got up on the end of its legs in one of them-thar "disagreement" conferences and proposed that every nation under the sun should at once totally disarm, retaining only enough military power for home police protection. And I give Russia credit for making that proposal in absolute good faith. She would have done it—and gladly—if the other nations would have agreed to it.

But what did the other nations do about it—those same nations, mind you, that had been pretending to want peace and disarmament so bad? Well, what do you reckon? First, they tumbled out of their chairs and crawled under the table and lay there trembling like scared rabbits for awhile. Then they crawled up and rubbed their eyes and consulted with each other and decided to laugh it off and forget it. So they turned up their snurley snouts like a razorback hog's rooter and laughed like a pack of wild hyenas.

Their excuse was that Russia was not sincere—that she was not to be trusted. They tried to make it appear that Russia was fixing to play some dirty trick on the good innocent world, and therefore they mustn't swallow her bait.

But anybody with common sense and a willingness to look the facts in the face can easily see who was playing the hypocrite. The blame-taked pot-gutted rulers of the world had no desire to disarm and no intention of considering any proposal to do so. They were just talking through their silk hats and trying to keep their home folks fooled and flamdoozled a little longer. For the folks back at home, if you please—the common folks who have to fight and suffer when war comes—they really do want disarmament and peace. In every nation it is the same—the common folks want peace and disarmament. But in every nation it is the same—the war lords and plundering profiteers want more wars and bigger wars.

The devil of it is that every nation puts the wrong sort of men in the saddle and sends the wrong sort of men to Geneva to discuss disarmament. It is like sending a delegation of wolves to protect the sheep.

But the ding-busted old Soviet Republic keeps right on putting cuckleburrs under the world's tail. Seeing her other proposal for complete disarmament was hooted down, old Miss Russia again got up on the end of her legs in this most recent Geneva talkfest and tried to get even half of a good thing. This time she proposed that each nation cut its armaments exactly in half. That would leave each one (in relation to the others) just exactly where they are now. And yet it would remove half of the load.

Did the silk-hatted representatives of plutocracy fall for it? Not a nary a tumble, my dear John Henry. They were a good deal frightened again, but they managed to laugh it off, and then went on talking through their hats about some impossible way not to get something that they didn't want.

I want to know what good it is doing us common plugs to question Russia's honesty and then go right ahead trusting a crowd of brass-faced hypocrites who are certainly no more honest than Russia is. Russia has at least taken the lead toward peace by offering to disarm, only to have her offer laughed at, and certainly the common people of the world are going to have a more friendly feeling toward Russia because of that.

After turning down Russia's latest offer, they went right ahead holding more meetings and shooting more bull and making a great deal of empty noise, and all the time getting more and more like a back yard full of mad cats, and they finally had to quit and go home to keep from having a general fist fight among the delegates.

Hang-take it, fellers, let's round up a drove of blind horses and a few cows and sheep and send them to the next disarmament conference, and if they don't do better than the gold-plated high-mucks that have been going, durned if I won't eat my old hat and go bare-headed for the rest of my life.

## A SERMON ON CRANKS

Well, honey, it seems to be about time for a "Sermon on Cranks." So I will crank up my mouth and utter a few timely remarks.

The world is full of cranks.

You are one.

I am another.

You can hardly find a man or woman who isn't a crank about something. If it ain't one thing, it's sure to be something else.

Maybe I have some particular hobby that I ride to such an extent that others call me "cranky" about it. And the people who call me cranky about one thing seem to me just as cranky about something else.

And so it goes.

But what is a crank, after all? There ought to be some way of describing the critter so he can be identified. Here is how I describe him:

A crank is anybody that rides a different hobby from the one I ride. Also anybody that opposes my hobby or talks slighty about it.

For instance, if I am a medical doctor, my hobby is pouring various kinds of dope into people's bellies to cure what don't ail them. Or it may be squirting maggot-juice under their skins to make them "immune" from maggot bites. And anybody that comes along preaching against drug-doping and vaccination is a "crank." See?

Again, if I happen to be an army officer, with a life-time's training in the art of killing people, anybody who opposes war and militarism is a crank.

Or if I happen to be a reactionary politician, getting a fat salary from a reactionary government, of course any man who dares to criticise me and my kind is a crank. No matter how bad we need criticising, it mustn't be done. Simply because the majority of people are reactionaries, and we happen to be in the majority, we take refuge behind the collective will of that majority and think ourselves immune from criticism. Hence all people who see things different from us are cranks.

Jesus Christ was a crank. And all of His followers were cranks. Every man who has blazed a new trail for civilization has been a crank, and has been cussed and abused by fifty-seven varieties of other cranks.

A crank is only a crank so long as he is in the minority—so long as his cause is weak and unpopular. Just let his cause accumulate adherents enough to give it some show of strength and popularity, and then watch how quick he ceases to be a crank in the eyes of the world.

Yes, honey, I am a crank.

And you are, too.

So what's the use to fuss about it?

Huh?

## She Needn't Walk Down

It was their first airplane ride, and the young woman in the party was rather nervous.

"You will bring us back safely, won't you?" she said to the pilot, with a rather faint smile, as they were about to start.

"Of course I will, miss," he assured her, touching his leather helmet, "I've never left anybody up there yet."

The days come right along one after another, and we can sorter manage one at a time. But just suppose a whole week should come all at once! Wouldn't it be awful?


# CLUB RATES--You Tell 'Em!

## In Clubs of Four or More, 25 Cents

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 50 cents a year but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of 4 or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 25 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every state in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

# The Fool-Killer, Boomer, N. C.


## TELL IT TO THE TOMB-STONES

Spook!

Spookum!

Spokalorum!

And now just look.

Sir Conan Doyle, the great British "authority" on Spiritism, is having another one of his spells. In fact, he has them just about all the time lately. He is still trying to convince us that all the dead people are still alive. He publishes a new book on Spiritism about every fifteen minutes, and what he don't know about the "spirit-world" will make several more volumes yet.

Great is the Hon. Sir Conan Doyle, creator of Dr. Watson and daddy of Sherlock Holmes. He just rolls up the sleeves of his novelistic imagination and just cackles over how nice and pleasant it is to be dead. You don't have to tote an old ugly body of flesh around with you any more, and wait on its slow motions while it eats hog-corpse and corn pone, drinks white lightning and chaws terbacker. No, sir! You can just go sailing around like a radio message or a loose piece of moonshine, and not even have to shave nor take a bath. You can slip up on people and hear what they are saying and watch all their secret actions, and they will never know you are there.

Then if you have occasion to communicate with the living, you can grab a weejy board by the seat of its breeches and make it dance Jim Crow till your pain gets easy.

M-y-y-o!

That's all very long-awong.

But then after telling how nice and pleasant it is to be dead, he winds up with a terrible warning against the sin of suicide. People don't die, and yet they mustn't kill themselves. That's kuris to me. If people don't die, and can't die, what does mere suicide amount to? It is only getting rid of the old hull so they can go sailing on to the spirit world and learn more than they ever knew before. Why should Doyle object to that? Looks to me like he is sorter inconsistent. If it ain't right for the poor suffering souls of this miserable world to hurry off to that wonderful place he tells about, then it ain't right for him to set the temptation before 'em. He odght to be arrested and handcuffed to a mule's daddy and have his eight-cylinder imagination put in jail.

The way orthodox churchanity makes goo-goo eyes at this-here pay-trot—ic plutocracy reminds me of a barrel of dried fish trying to make love to a keg of nails.

I notice that the people who talk about the advantage of being poor are always willing to give somebody else that advantage. Take a piece.

## WHICH GANG ARE YOU IN?

Now, honey, if you will just listen right out loud you will get the news straight from headquarters, and no ifs and ands about it. There ain't no lying nor joking about this. It ain't nothing but pure gospel, just the same as if Billyum Sabbath had squirted it through the gap in his face while standing on top of his own head and trying to chin a rafter with his heels.

I get it straight from a sindicated letter in my daily dopesheet, and here it is. Put on your rose-colored goggles and read it to your family at supper time:

"I have been reading those $120 budget letters with amazement. In each case the writer boasts with pride of living within the bounds of $120 a month or less. Frankly, do you think such an achievement justifies pride? I don't. We'll amit that it is all right for a young couple to start on $120 a month. It's permissible for such youngsters to be proud of their courage and thrift. We all admire their spunk, and we take it for granted that the young husband will speedily make more and forge ahead. But when mothers and fathers who have been married for ten years boast of getting along comfortably on $120 a month, I, for one, say they ought to be ashamed of themselves. How dare they be satisfied with such a miserable record in the face of their children's needs?

Growing children need plenty of good milk, fresh vegetables and fruit. A working man needs nourishing meat and eggs. They should carry fairly heavy insurance and have some amusements. They should be dressed well enough t o keep their self-respect, and should also make provision for dental and medical attention. These are the fundamental needs of any decent American family. Yet I note a letter from a woman who claims to have managed comfortably for herself, her husband and three lively boys for five years on $150 a month—out of which they saved a first payment for a home and also banked $25 a month.

"I say it can't be done except at the expense of their children's health. And it shouldn't be done. There is something the matter with a person who will go on year after year taking pride in a record like that. They should turn that pride into rebellion against such conditions and really get somewhere. It's no credit to any woman to accept such a living for herself and her children."

(Signed) An American Wife.

Well, then, by grannies, just a whole slew of us poor old one-gallus married men are out of the running for shore-certain. We had just as well give up all hope of trying to horn in on Fifth Avenoo Sass-iety and become the proud possessor of a blooded poodle dog and a choice collection of divorces. Why, blame our yaller hides, we ain't even fit to raise a family of human brats, much less to shoulder the heavy responsibility of providing for a sass-iety dog.

I'll bet you a quart of wormy chestnuts against four gallons of good molasses that the "American Wife" who wrote the above letter belongs to some millionaire family that lives off the workers, and she don't know any more than a hog about the struggle that the worker's family has to make. Why, good Lord, Hanner, if it takes over $120 a month to support a family decently, then a big majority of American families are not decent. Where you will find one family that has got $120 a month to blow on itself, you will find twenty families that have to make out on a durned sight less.

And yet—you just let one of these poor half-starved working families join a labor union and begin to ask their rich bosses for a little more pay so that they may be able to keep soul and body together and be sorter halfway comfortable — and, Lordy, what a howl goes up! They are agitators! They are disturbers of the peace! They are Reds! They are e verything that is bad, and the governor of the state sends soldiers to shoot 'em and stick bayonets in 'em if they don't tuck tail and run along like good little slaves.

And if these poor working families have been living in company-owned houses, as they often do, then here comes the sheriff and begins to throw their pitiful household goods out into the streets. More than fifty families of strikers were treated like that in one day at Gastonia, N. C.

And yet the dead-line of decent living is $120 a month. But how in the Sam Hill is a poor working family to get $120 a month ? If they have got a job at all it don't pay half that much. If they humbly ask for more pay they get the hosslaugh. If they strike for more pay they are met with clubs and bayonets.

Oh, goody! I've just had a bright thought. My massive intellect has given birth to a great idea. Let's just have a law passed that from now on all poor folks shall be born rich, and then they won't have to worry about where they will get that $120 a month.

### THE CIGARETTE FOOL

His fingers are yaller,
His thinker is shaller,
And there is a pallor
Upon his cheek.
His eyes are mattered,
His nerves are shattered,
His wits are scattered,
His mind is weak.

His flesh is flabby,
His memory's shabby,
And though he's gabby,
He's got no sense.
His folly is leaking
Through all his speaking,
His breath is reeking
With stink intense.

His pants he scratches
With parlor matches
Until big patches
Adorn his seat.
Through all the nation
He holds the station
Of degradation
And sad defeat.

—James Larkin Pearson.

## A SERMON ON THE STRIKE

We-unses here in ole No'th Ca'liney have read about strikes and heard about strikes in far-away places, but we ain't never had much pussonal experience with 'em right here at home.

But for the past month or two we-unses have been finding out what it is to have a big strike right at our doors. And if some of our folks don't learn a valable lesson from it they will miss a mighty good chance to learn something. This part of the South has become so rapidly industrialized that some people have not yet realized what a change has come about. And the owners of the great textile mills in the Piedmont Carolinas have been among the blindest of the blind. Starting out on the open-shop basis, they have steadily refused to countenance any labor union. The union organizers who from time to time have ventured into these parts have been rather curtly invited to move on. And if they didn't move fast enough they were helped along with the toe of a capitalist boot.

And so the vast cotton mill industry and other textile works remained open-shop—for awhile. But the time came when the workers decided to have some sort of a union. And this time it wasn't the old conservative labor union that came, but a reeking Red union of the sort that gets its color from Moscow. And these Communist "agitators," as they are called, have organized the textile industry in a few of the great centers and have pulled a big strike. Mills are closed. Workers are idle. And a great wave of hard feeling between capital and labor has swept over this fair land of Dixie.

By driving off the more conservative unions, and by trying to bulldoze the workers into meek submission, these Southern mill owners have brought down upon their heads this Red Terror of Communism which fights back and never compromises. A thousand times better would it have been for the mill owners if they had welcomed the regular unions years ago.

But even with all of its redness, the strike was being conducted decently and in good order. The strikers and their leaders so conducted themselves as to win the respect and sympathy of the public, and even, to a large extent, of the newspapers.

At Gastonia, N. C., in the center of the strike zone, the strikers had their headquarters and a supply base for provisions. One day a mob of masked men swooped down upon this strikers' headquarters and relief depot, totally wrecked the building and destroyed every thing they could destroy. This was the work of certain "patriots" and "good citzens" who were filled with mad rage against the "durned reds" and wanted to show them where to get off. But if the hooded mob thought to injure the strikers and help the mill owners by such high-handed methods, it was doomed to disappointment. No surer way could have been found for creating sympathy for the strikers. People who probably didn't have a bit of love for the Communist leaders were forced to take their part in this fight. The newspapers demanded that the mob be punished for its crime, and the governor of the state undertook to see that something was done about it. But at this writing, so far as I can find out, nothing has been done, and I very much doubt if anything is ever done. But if it had been some of the strikers that had wrecked one of the mills, then there would have been something done, and don't you forget it.

The outstanding fact in all this business is that the public and the newspapers have largely taken the side of the strikers, which proves beyond a doubt that they have a just cause for complaint. But what does a just cause amount to when it goes up against a pile of money? It always happens that the mill-owners have the money, and the people who do the work that makes the money—they have none.

### EATING JOINTS

I have travelled, I have eaten,
Where the food could not be beaten,
I have met the bummest cooks you ever saw;
I have had my icecream roasted,
And my coffee fried and toasted;
I have had to eat my beef and cabbage raw.

You may put some vittles in ye
Up at Wheeling, West Virginia,
And you'll find a place at Richmond on the James
Where you'll get accomodated
Till your appetite is sated,
But it's hard for me to think of all the names.

They have got good eats at Durham,
If you don't mind payin' fer 'em,
And the waiters are as pretty as can be;
In the town of Winston-Salem
You would never want to frail 'em,
If they treat you like they always treated me.

There's a beanery in Macon
Where you'll never feel forsaken,
For you'll meet so many people who are nice;
And I'm sure you'd love to lamp a
Little joint I know in Tampa,
And it wouldn't matter much about the price.

You will go 'way feeling jolly
If you take a meal in Raleigh,
And at Charlotte you'll get suited to a T;
There's a place for serving manna
In the city of Savannah;
There's a boarding-house in Nashville, Tennessee.

—James Larkin Pearson.

All women are alike, only some are more alike than others.

Now if them-thar radio waves would just bring a hungry man something to eat.

The nations have got the war bull by the tail and are trying to find some way to t urn loose. The leaders at the recent Geneva conference said to each other, "Let's turn loose just a little."

# The FOOL-KILLER

Vol. XV. Boomer, North Carolina, June, 1929. No. 1.

## GOT ME BEAT

The mocking-bird is in the tree a-singing little songs to me, while I sit here beneath the limb a-writing little pomes to him. He just don't seem to have no trouble in making his throat trill and bubble; that melody that he's a-droppin' don't never show no signs of stoppin'.

But these-here poems, you can bet, are hard to do and make me sweat. They make me hollow-eyed and lean to get them out of my old 'bean. So I just guess that I had better knock off and write a business letter. He has to such perfection risen, he'll sing my song as well as his'n.

## BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE

When Lindy flew across the sea, he made a hit with you and me, and all the world went on a spree at such a wonder. But he did not get over-fed on all the praises sung and said, that would have turned another head in spite of thunder.

Beyond a doubt it was the boy's unusual sense and perfect poise that took him through that spell of noise without mishap. For that was harder, if you please, than flying over angry seas—to meet a world upon its knees. So says yer pap.

But he who conquered sea and land and had the skies at his command has come at last to understand that he's a piker. He fell at Anne Morrow's feet and there confessed that he was beat, and her control was so complete, there's nothing like her.

Now Anne's dad is rich as mud, and hers is just the bluest blood that's ever been since Noah's Flood, and rumor tells that Lindy has acquired the right henceforth to tail the social kite and have his name in black and white among the swells.

It puzzles me to hear 'em say that he whose name in bright array could belt the planet in a day must still be told that he was quite unfit to be received in "best so-ci-e-tee" until he married (on his knee) a pile of gold!

## LETTING GOD DO IT

When Congress met in extra session, it was the general impression that Hoover had some well-laid plan to help the poor old farming man. But "farm relief" has turned to vapor, and now I see here in the paper that Hoover aims to pass the buck and leave poor farmers out of luck.

It seems, indeed, that our good Quaker is going to bow before his Maker, with tear-drops running down his face, and tell the Lord to take the case. The paper says that Herb's consented to have official prayers presented before God's throne one certain day, and all the plutes will bow and pray.

They'll tell the Lord in touching manner how they have marched beneath His banner, and how they've tried to help the jay who makes the wheat and corn and hay. But, strangely, every time they try it the rich are benefitted by it, and still the man who digs the dirt is never helped but always hurt.

When campaigns come and votes are needed, the old speed-limit is exceeded in making promises to Jake that he shall live on pie and cake. But when the pay-day dawns in glory they come back with a different story, and Mister Hayseed has to do with just a dried-up prayer or two.

Now I suspect that Hank and Hiram can make some prayers if they desire 'em, and they'd be apt to do more good than Mister Big Ike's praying would. And think of just one day of bowing to pray for him who does the plowing, while all the other days are spent in adding to his discontent!

In this connection I will mention that there was once a Cat Convention at which the cats were very nice and prayed for all the little mice. The cats all felt when that was ended that they had acted very splendid. Then having been so wondrous good, they caught just all the mice they could.

This day of prayer that they've appointed to have the farmer's head anointed shows how they're willing to confess that Old Man Farmer's in distress. It also makes it clearer to me that his prospects are sorter gloomy. If God don't help the poor old soul, he'll have to stay down in the hole.

## THE LUCK OF A LOUSY CALF

My uncle Jake's young daughter Kate got married to some sorry skate, and went off with him in a Ford to find a place where they could board. They took their meals at some cafe, and found a barn-loft full of hay where they could sleep beneath the beams, with naught to break their happy dreams.

Now uncle Jake and all the rest were deeply wounded and distressed, and swore with many an ugly durn that Kate should nevermore return. They'd cut her off without a cent because she took that sorry gent, and nary dime of that estate should ever pass on down to Kate.

So Kate and mate dropped out of sight, and no one took the pains to write and ask if they were still alive, or send a wish that they would thrive. The cheap cafe was soon unknown, the barn stood empty and alone, and somewhere down the human stream they drifted onward like a dream.

But somehow, as the seasons rolled, the papers came back East and told how in the West a certain guy was getting rich and living high. For Kate and mate had staked a claim out where the oil gushers flame, and their big gusher did not fail till they were lousy with the kale.

As soon as uncle Jake was wise to Kate's and mate's financial rise, he melted like a tallow man dropped in a red-hot frying-pan. And all the folks about the place grew strangely good and full of grace, and said, with hands across the heart, they always knew that Kate was smart.

The moral is that when you're broke and hungry and about to croak, the folks in country and in town will do their best to keep you down. But if you buck the whole combine and win out big and brave and fine, the doggon hypocrites will try to eat you up like pumpkin pie.

## GREAT HOWLING WILDCATS

Away back yander in ancient times before I started to write rhymes, our old friend Ted, as you may recall, was lodged in the White House, teeth and all. And one fine day when the sign was wrong Booker T. Washington came along, and Teddy smole his well-known smile, saying, "Come in, Booker, and stay awhile. We're going to have dinner in an hour or two, and we'll feel honored to eat with you. So you just park yourself and stay and we'll have a good time here today." So Booker he parked himself and stayed till dinner was cooked and the plates were laid, and under the table he stuck his feet ,and O gosh-a-mighty, how he did eat!

The news went out that the president had really dined with a colored gent, and there was a howl and a cry of shame, and Ted and Booker were both to blame. There was lots of talk, and what folks said was mostly a-cussing out Booker and Ted, and the question grew to an awful size, and Ted grew little in Southern eyes. So there was a plank for the next campaign, and every Jerry and every Jane was up in arms to defend their rights and make the White House safe for the whites.

But just when Hoover had made his start we hear more wails like a broken heart, and we stop and listen at all the row and wonder what CAN be the matter now Why, hang my buttons and sarn my skin if it ain't the same old "nigger" agin. Bekaze Miz Hoover has pulled a feast and invited the Chocolate Dame de Priest.

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Even a Cannon can't always hit the mark.

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The storm-center has shifted from Mrs. Gann to Mrs. de Priest. Oh, these troublesome wimmen!

---

Al Smith is politically dead, but the Anti-Smiths in Virginia are very much alive.

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Bishop Cannon is a big gun in the Methodist church, but a mere bean-shooter in Wall Street.

# THE FOOL-KILLER

A Literary Mustard-Plaster to Draw Blisters on Society, Church and State

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James Larkin Pearson, Editor

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# IDIOTORIALS

Evolution is the process of crawling up hill a foot at a time and slipping back only 11 inches.

When there is nothing more to be said on a subject, some boob is sure to come along and say it.

Prosperity is like parking space—there is always plenty of it for the fellow who gets there first.

After having all that poetry written about him two years ago, Lindy certainly did have some nerve to go and marry a poet.

When we know that steel armor a foot thick won't stop a bullet, what's the use of trying to stop it with a scrap of paper?

The Garden of Eden was a great place for fruit. Eve was a peach and Adam a nut, and both of them together made a pair.


### STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for Apr. 1. 1929.

State of North Carolina,
Wilkes County.

Before me, a Justice of the Peace in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared James Larkin Pearson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor, publisher and owner of The Fool-Killer, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown above:

Publisher, Editor, Managing Editor, Business Manager, Owner:
James Larkin Pearson, Boomer N. C.

Bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders.
None.

(Signed) James Larkin Pearson.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of April, 1929.
G. A. ELLER, J. P
My commission expires Feb., 1930.


### PERSONAL LETTER

Mr. You Yourself,
Anywhere, U. S. A.

My dear You:

If you were running a good paper like The Fool-Killer and I was one of your subscribers, I would show it to everybody I came in touch with and send you a big club every few days. Yes, I certainly would. Now won't you please do as much for me as I would gladly do for you?

No matter how hard I work to make The Fool-Killer the best paper on earth, a good deal of its success must always depend upon its many thousands of friends scattered over the country. Those who get the paper must show it to their neighbors and friends who don't get it and induce them to subscribe.

I have been working at this thing for nearly 20 years now. Made one pretty good little fortune for a common feller, and then lost it nearly all. In recent years I have been up against all sorts of trouble. But now, as I near my 50th birthday, I am getting a pretty fair start again. If all you folks will put your shoulders to the wheel and give me a good hunch I will go over the top again. Send me a nice birthday present in the way of a big club—or several of them. Thank you.

So you fellows all just stick to me like a gob of tar to a pair of white breeches, and we'll all live as long as we can get a breath, anyhow. Tell everybody you see and send word to the rest that we want 'em to come along and jine our crowd.

Yours from the ground up,
James Larkin Pearson.

### I'M COOK AND DISHWASHER

Good morning, ladies! Have you got breakfast ready? You just don't know all there is to know about cooking unless you had been here to take lessons from me these past two months.

It's just a plum sin to the toad frogs to see me in the kitchen fighting with the pots and skillets, playing "Old Dan Tucker" on the frying pan, and making the forks and spoons dance with the dishrag.

My wife, as some of you know, has been afflicted for many years, and she was not physically able to run the home. She was badly in need of a rest, so I took her off to a little rest home in the mountains where she is trying to build up some strength, and I am here trying to run this whole shebang. Talk about having big times— well, maybe I am and maybe I ain't.

"Ladies Ready to Wear Clothing," says a big head-line over a page ad in the paper. Well, if they are ready to wear clothing, why don't they do it?

### PREPARE TO VOMIT

Run along, honey, and bring in the old slop-bucket—you are going to need it in about a minute. What I mean, you are going to do some plain and fancy spewing right about now, or else your cast-iron stomach ain't built right and don't know how to rair up and buck like the occasion demands.

I hate to put you to so much trouble, but there ain't no way in the world to help it. Business is bus. ess, and medical science is coming down the pike with its sleeves rolled up and fire in its eye. And whenever medical science strikes a hot trail and catches a new doodlebug of course The Fool-Killer must tell about it.

Well, honey, the doctors have kotched a new one this time and I don't mean maybe. So this is how it is, and here is the place where your dinner begins to rise up and say its little piece:

They have at last discovered a use for maggots in the healing business. Yes sir, just plain old nasty maggots, the kind that almost make you sick even to look at them. Heretofore when maggots got into a sore it was given up as a hopeless case—nothing more could be done after that. But things have changed all at once, and now the doctors are breeding maggots for medical purposes and putting them into people to cure what ails 'em. The Pathfinder, Washington, D. C., came out last week with a big announcement of this new discovery, saying that certain kinds of bone diseases that were considered incurable can now be cured sound and well with a few doses of maggots.

Well, this ain't much surprise to me. I was sorter expecting something of the sort. The doctors have been squirting all sorts of maggot-juice into people for a number of years and calling it vaccination and other big words like that, and I just wondered if they wouldn't think up some new scheme to use the whole maggot. It seemed such a pity to merely squeeze the juice out of a pound of maggots and waste all that perfectly good meat. But now the doctors have saved the day — and the maggots. The nasty critters won't have to be wasted any more, and there will be a ready market for all the nice, healthy maggots that can be raised.

But, mind you, the maggots that are to be used in the doctoring business must be nice and clean and healthy. They must be hatched and raised under scientific conditions in a decaying hoss or cow or other dead carcass, and they mustn't get contaminated with anything that is nastier than they are themselves—which, if you believe me, would be going some.

Whew! Gug-gug! Hand that slop-bucket over here to me.

Hoover's new Law Enforcement Commission is headed by George W. Wickersham. Yes, everything we get seems to have a "sham" in it somewhere.

### TWO TIN GODS IN TROUBLE

Hello here!

Jeeminy crickets!

What's the matter in the Big Boot now? Something wusser than Vesuvius this time.

Do you know what is liable to happen when two Supreme Beings have a head-on collision? If you had been watching Rev. Pappy Pope and Hon. Dad Mussolini the other day you would have found out.

They thought they had divided up their territory and their zones of influence in such a way that they could both be supreme beings and get away with it. But they didn't either one seem to know how much it takes to satisfy a little "supreme being" about the size of a sack of oats when he gets to wanting something right plum bad.

Their new agreement and pledge of peace wasn't old enough to drink milk out of a bottle when it had its first bad wreck and got its pretty features banged up considerably. And now nobody seems to know who the brat belongs to nor how it ever got into the world nohow.

The Rev. Pappy, having become a temporal ruler, wanted to try out his new machinery and see if there was any screws loose in it, or if it needed a few more squirts from the Holy Oil Can. So he exercised his "divine right" by giving Mussolini a good strong kick where he sits down. And Mussolini, being very fond of that part of himself, got as mad as a wet hen and told the Rev. Pappy where to go to, and it wasn't to heaven, either.

All of which, as Dr. Pierce says in his justly-celebrated Account Book, is a plum pity.

### A LONG SONG ABOUT A STRONG WRONG

Since last I wrote about the strike, there's been some doings I don't like. I don't know which side's most to blame, but maybe both about the same. But, anyhow, I'm free to say they're in a sadder plight today than if the unions years ago had been allowed a decent show.

I somehow have a little hunch that this-here Red Communist bunch is not the sort of union crowd of which we might be truly proud. I guess the mills are wishing some they'd let the pale pink unions come, thus heading off the rabid Reds that come hell-bent and cracking heads.

So now Gastonia's had to see a deep blood-red catastrophe—her police chief beyond the veil, and loads of strikers crammed in jail. Big murder trial looming near, uneasy bosoms filled with fear, and any way the verdict goes, the town has added to its woes.

The moral, I will here remark, could be located in the dark: Brute force will do for brutes today, but men should find a better way. Two wrongs have never made a right, and it's a sin to fuss and fight. Wherever strong opposes strong, the chances are that both are wrong.

## "COMRADE" JOHN BULL!

Well, by grannnies, did you see what the doggon Socialists have done went and did over yander in Mister King George's nice little kingdom? Ain't it a plum lambasted, low-down, lousy, suck-egg-doggy sort of a measley shame? Why them-thar old addle-pated and crack-brained one-gallus galloots over there in Merry Inglunt have just pintedly played hell to the tune of "God Save the Meat-Skins." With their broad collective setter they have sot flat down on the honorable Mister Baldwin and his good high-toned and respectable dollarcratic government, and they have put in that old walrus--whiskered coal-digger named Ramshorn MacDonald to be the active head of the great British Empire.

And now what sort of a ding-busted dickens of a government stunt can that common, greasy, unwashed pick-and-shovel Premier pull off, does anybody reckon? Why, just as like as not the crazy scutter will start off by trying to give Old Man War a big dose of knock-out drops so that his sweet-smelling comrades won't have to be butchered up in nary nuther World War. Can you beat that? What does it matter if that sort of sorry trash do have to be fed to the buzzards on the battlefield? There is too doggon many of them, anyhow, as shown by the way they voted on May 30th. Just so there is enough of them left to be slaves for the rich it don't matter what becomes of the rest, and Mister Baldwin's crowd certainly would like to have the number of durn Socialists reduced in some way.

And then I suspect that old Ramshorn MacDonald will go ahead and plan out all sorts of wicked and sneaking schemes to benefit the pore folks and the common laboring people that he thinks are such precious jewels. He seems to have a crazy notion that the pore and needy people of the world are the ones that he ought to help, and he don't seem to care a doggon bit if the rich have to work for a living or starve. Who ever heard tell of the like?

And I wouldn't be one bit surprized to see Ramshorn MacDonald and his new Socialist government begin to snuggle up to them-thar durn Reds over in Rooshy, and if them two crowds of pore trash go to plotting together against us rich folks there is no telling where it will end. Maybe Hell - and - Maria Dawes can keep him straight. I see they have been hobnobbing together in the Highlands of Scotland, and we can always depend on Dawes to look out for the rich.

I also see it stated in the papers that Mister Ramshorn has already invited himself to come over here and stick his brogans under our Quaker's table and swap some language that he don't need for some Hoover may have to spare. At this writing I don't think Herb has decided what he had better do about it. Guess he will consult Andy Mellon, J. P. Morgan and a few more of the "boys" before making a final decision. I am afraid it would be sorter embarrassing to some of us rich and respectable Yankedudes to have Ramshorn MacDonald over here trying to convert us to Socialism. We are pate-rots, that's what we are, and we don't care nary dried-apple cuss who knows it.


# CLUB RATES--You Tell 'Em!

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The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 40 cents a year but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of 4 or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 25 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every state in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

# The Fool-Killer, Boomer, N. C.


## A LETTER FROM ADAM

Having observed that Spiritism is getting to be such a popular fad among the high-muck-a-doodles of this footstool, I took a notion to hire me a second-hand medium on the installment plan and see if I couldn't pull down a few big three-cornered chunks of heavenly wisdom and other choice information from some of the old Bible characters.

Well, it occurred to me that if I expected to get my money's worth out of Spiritism I had just as well begin at Adam and work my way on down the line.

But when I began to look around for a medium, I discovered that all the second-hand witches seemed to be working for Conan Doyle.

What was I to do?

I couldn't afford to let my Spiritism project fall through without even getting a grunt out of Adam.

Well, I got an old union suit and stuffed it with straw, tied an old canvass glove on the end of its right arm, and put a pencil in its fingers. Then I set it down to a table with some paper and told it to get me a letter from Adam right quick.

Well, that thing turned and looked up at me sorter—naw, it didn't either, because I had plum forgot to make it any head—but it just winked the top of its neck and sorter giggled away down in its belly.

Then lickety-split went the pencil over the paper, and there was my letter from Adam just as natural as pig-tracks. I didn't know Adam could write English, but I reckon he can, or else that old union suit translated for him, and if you don't believe it just looky here:

**The Letter:**

Dear Mr. Fool-Killer:

It affords me great tickle to unsay myself for the publish of your much paper. I have the fame to be your heap ancestor who made dead from chaw apple grunt. One rib she talked honey words good, and I bit like a no sense foolish hurt. We both felt ouch and sent for doctor belly rub no easy long time quick. We the die went hurry, and ever since that we have been every nowhere not. The suppose is that you want some wise concerning the when I have been where. All of which is how.

Now pay me your good listen and I maybe remark very wise tell. Since I be die with hurry kill very much, and go where I never am not certain which, it all seems mighty so. The immortal whereness of eternal stay seems to be the most unbetter if. And this is reckon so anyhow, because we all stay keep for God's sake better. I can wise you no learn about this climate where keeps me stay, only it seems to make with the upness of down some more yet. I seem to be very not much anywhere, and my bigness is great little happy.

Now this is all I can unsay for the satisfy of your guess what, and anybody that disputes it is a kussed liar. You tell 'em I said so.

Your muchness ancestor.

ADAM.

## DARE TO THINK!

Some people that I know have a set formula for their thinking. They confine their thoughts to a well-worn rut or channel and never allow them to get out of it. Indeed, they would consider it an actual sin and feel themselves in danger of hell-fire if they dared to let their thoughts climb out of that rut for even one moment.

But that ain't my way, and I hope it ain't yours either, for it's a mighty bad practice. Don't allow anybody to put handcuffs on your mind and make you believe that it is wrong to think. I say the wrongest thing you can do is to NOT think. The man who thinks is apt to be wrong part of the time, but the man who does not think is sure to be wrong all the time.

When I consider the thousand and one little groups and cults and isms that we have today, and when I notice how each little bunch builds a mental fence around itself and claims to have all TRUTH inside of its fence, I am amazed at the gullibility of the human race. No person can think even a little bit without seeing the absurdity of such a claim, and the people who make such claims are advertising themselves as rather small-minded bigots.

I say, dare to think for yourself! Dare to think on ANY subject, and don't be afraid of new ideas. Don't ACCEPT every new idea that comes along, but give it a hearing, and then use your own common sense.

## MISTER HOUSE FLY

When it comes to rapid social advancement, the common house fly has everything else and everybody else skint a block. He first sees the light of day in a livery stable on Tuesday, and by Wednesday night he may be roosting on the butter in a 10-thousand-dollar dining room.

The house fly feels just as much at home sitting on a 6-day old carcass as he does perched on the icing of a birth-day cake. He likes to divide his afternoons with the garbage can and the cow stall and the baby and the dog and the hog-pen. He treats 'em all alike.

When it comes to toting germs, the house fly is far ahead of all other transportation companies. He can easily take care of the five thousand typhiod germs on the heel of his left hind leg while the other five legs are loaded with a full dose of flu germs and measles germs and itch germs and other germs that might like to take a ride.

So far as anybody has ever been able to determine, the fly is absolutely useless except for spider food, and who in the thunder cares whether a spider gets any food or not? Therfore, my advice to you and yours is—

Swat him today so's he won't be a grand-daddy tomorrow.

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Into the Congressional Record
Perhaps more people would dip
If they would brighten its pages
By running a "comic strip."

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Still, maybe your wife might be as wonderful as the one in the movie if she had a husband as wonderful as the one in the movie.

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It's sad to think that we shall never know what brands of cigarettes were responsible for the manly qualities of George Washington and Andrew Jackson.

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The State of Massachusetts has sent to Congress a man named Wigglesworth. And I guess he's worth just about that much. How much? A wiggle's worth.

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The enormous surplus of wheat and other food stuffs is going to cause millions of people to starve. The way to feed the world is to not raise so much stuff to eat. Any fool ought to know that.

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It will be remembered by some of the older inhabitants that Ted Roosevelt pulled chicken-leg with Booker Washington in the White House one time. There was an awful fuss just like there is this time, but the heavens didn't fall. You won't know the difference a hundred years from now, so why take it so hard?

## THE DEVIL'S LETTER

The Hot Place,
June 22, 1929.

Mr. Uncle Sam,
Washington, D. C.
Dear Uncle Sam:

Greetings! Is it hot up there? It sure is hot down here. And how are you and Aunt Sam getting along with your big family of nephews and nieces and cousins and in-laws and poor relations?

I confess, dear Uncle, that I have been negligent about writing to you lately, but I have been watching you out of one corner of my eye and thinking every day that I would write you the next day. So here I come at last.

As I just now remarked, I have been watching your movements through my long-distance helliscope and am greatly pleased with what I have seen. For instance, in all my experience as a first-class devil, I don't remember having seen anything that pleased me better than the way you are getting the War Debt question settled. I remember that Ella Squeeler Pillbox once wrote a poem in which she said that "a question is never settled until it is settled right." That's the stuff! Amen! The one thing in all the world that I don't want is for questions to be settled right. So I don't care how much nor how many times you settle the War Debt question just so long as you don't settle it right. Always leave it so it will have to be done over again in about two years.

Your man, Owen D. Young, is is a wizard or a witch, and I don't know which, but he sure does know how to pull the strings in the interest of the American Bankers. Being a first-class devil, of course I am pretty smart ,but I don't claim to know it all, and I am continually learning new things by watching the antics of your Wall Street billionaires. For instance, I have discovered that the way to get up a successful "Plan" to settle the war questions is to make it so involved and tangled that nobody can see any sense in it, not even the men who get it up. Then the common plugs will look at it in wide-eyed wonder and admiration and be convinced that it is the wisest and best "Plan" they ever saw. They will not expect to understand it, but they wil think that Young and Dawes and Morgan are smart enough to see through it. And they will marvel at such wisdom. Great is Bunk, and still greater is Bluff! The Dawes Plan lasted four or five years, but it was beginning to get a little threadbare in places, and it was thought best to do a few sleight-of-hand stunts and swap it off for the Young Plan. Nobody will pretend to understand the Young Plan, but they will just shut their eyes and swallow it like a young catbird swallowing a worm, and then everything will be all hunky-dory for awhile longer. By and by the Young Plan will have to be swapped off for a still Younger one. All this is just between you and me in the strictest confidence, and you don't want to let it get out into the hands of the common plugs. They might raise the devil about it and give us a lot of trouble. You and me and the billionaires must stick together. See?

The amount that Germany must pay has been decided on about umpty-steen times before this, and now it has all been warmed over and spiced up and sweetened and set out for the long-suffering world to smell of again.

This time the amount that Germany must pay is nine billion dollars, but the interest on it will amount to twice the principal before it is paid. Germany will have to borrow it all from the American billionaires, and by that time they will own the whole world, and I will own them, and so the whole works will be mine. Hooray! That tickles me.

Now, Uncle Sam, let's see about the next step in this great debt settlement. If the American billionaires loan all that money to Germany for her to pay over to the Allies so that the Allies can pay what they owe to the American bilionaires, the money will go right around in a circle and come straight back to Wall Street. So as a matter of fact, it will never leave Wall Street. The Morgan gang will hold onto the gold like a puppy to a root, and Germany will have to take her loans in some sort of trade or manufactured goods, and in turn Germany will have to pay the Allies in trade. You see, all that American export trade going to Germany will ruin Germany's home industries—unless she can pass it on to the Allies, and they can't afford to let her do that, for the minute Germany dumps such quantities of goods into the Allied countries their home industries will be ruined and the devil to pay all all around. I am the Old Boy that finally gets the pay.

The financial experts all declare that the transfers cannot be made in gold, and the governments can't afford to let them be made in trade, and yet they are all yelling their heads off for the other fellow to pay, pay, pay, and then refusing to take the pay when it is offered. I respectfully call your attention to your own case, Uncle. You and your Wall Street buddies are just kicking up all sorts of a rusty because the Allies won't pay you what they owe, and yet you have just now gone ahead and built up the highest tariff wall in all your country's history for the express purpose of keeping out the only sort of pay that the Allies have to offer. You certainly have got the nerve, and that's what it takes to run such a bluff game as you are engaged in. But the funny thing about it is that your bluff will work every time ,and your wooden-headed subjects will never know the difference. There will always be a few little weak voices raised in protest—like that sarn-taked Fool-Killer, for instance — but if you and your billionaires will just yell "Traitor" and "Socialist" and "Red" at the top of your leather lungs, all these little protests can be drownded out.

If I ever need any Dawes Plan or Young Plan to help me finance hell, I will know where to get the "experts." I will get them all in the end, anyhow, so I am not worrying.

Yours sweatingly,
THE OLD BOY.

## BE A SNOB, SAYS BOB

I reckon it's all wrong and a plum sin and disgrace to talk that way, but you'll have to hand it to old Bob Rogers for being brutally honest in his snobbish ideas. Nearly all the durn Big Ikes of Snobdom act as if they FELT that way, but they ain't got the guts to come out and say it in plain words like he did.

When old Bob uncorked himself before a graduating class of young hopefuls at some sort of a school up in Yankeedoodle, he shore did start something, and he won't hear the last of it for many a day. Just hold your big flappy ear open and let me pour into it a sample of old Bob's advice to the boys:

"I am going to talk to you on the necessity of being a gentleman, belonging to the ruling class. You have got to take the rule away from the bootlegger, the politician and the man who came up from one suspender button. And it will be your own fault if in the years to come you are not one of the ruling class. You must set before yourself a definite plan to be a ruling person . Be superior, act suprior. Talk like it. Think like it. I want to preach to you the gospel of being a snob—not allowing yourself to drop in speech, manners and intelligence, and going to the level of a crowd that hasn't had the opportunity you have had. Belonging to the crowd that does belong, or to the crowd that doesn't belong. That's the question. Never buy a suit of clothes unless you can buy one with an extra pair of trousers. Have one suit of clothes pressed every week. Have your shoes shined every day, and shave. Never wear the same collar at night that you have been wearing in the day time at your work. It is just as easy to marry the boss's daughter as the stenographer. You cannot go on the assumption that you are as good as other folks. You should take the attitude that you are a damned sight better."

At least, that is not hypocrisy. The old cuss comes right out in the open and lays all his cards on the tabe, as the saying is, and you can take 'em or let 'em alone. It sounds cruel and ugly and selfish and mean, but hang-taked if it don't go down my red goozle with less gagging and grunting than this-here hypocritical hogwash that the professional uplifters and peanut statesmen are always spilling over us to try to put us to sleep.

The fact that millions of us poor devils never have more than one pair of breeches at a time, and that we can't have a suit pressed at any time unless we go to bed or run around in our shirt-tails while it is being done —all that don't cut any ice with Professor Rogers and his sort. He is not talking to us nchow, and I don't reckon he expects us to rise up and jine his little band of primped and powdered snobs. Why, good heavens alive, man, if everybody should do as he says and become snobs and marry the boss's daughter, there wouldn't be anything in it for anybody. If it does a snob any good to be a snob it is because it enables him to feel "a damned sight better" than the rest of us; and you see, if we were all away up there at the top together there woudn't be anybody for us to look down on, and that would plum spile the fun.

## ROLL ON, BILL, ROLL ON

It doesn't require pull to get ahead in life. What it takes is push. At least, that is the verdict of Bill Williams who has for the past month or so been faithfully trying to roll a peanut up Pike's Peak with his nose.

Bill is to get 500 iron men if he succeeds, and if he fails he has already got $500 worth of advertising, anyhow.

But just between you and me, I don't believe Bill is toting fair, and I've a doggon good notion to squeal on him. For instance, the agreement was that he was to roll or push the peanut with his nose. Well, he isn't doing it. He's got some sort of a wire snout contrapshum about two feet long buckled onto his features, and he crawls along on his hands and knees and roots at the goober with that wire thing sorter like an old rooster drinking a June-bug through a quill.

Then agin, he was to roll A peanut up Pike's Peak. There wasn't nary doggon word said about rolling a whole sack full. But as a matter of fact, one peanut doesn't last him but a hundred yards or so. It simply wears out, and he finds himself pushing the place where it used to be. So he has to fish out a new one from the sack on his back and substitute it for the one that is worn out, sorter like changing tires on a six-cylinder tumble-bug.

According to official reports from the Durn Fools' Association, Bill has already worn out enough peanuts to fatten six hogs, and the squirrels along the route have stolen at least that many more. They say the squirrels take 'em right out from under his wire nose and go off laughing and shaking their tails at him just as if they enjoyed the fun.

So I contend that Bill ain't fulfilling his part of the contract, and I am going to have him jacked up about it. This is a very important matter and it must be done right.

I certainly hope Lindbergh's bride is worthy of him, even if she is the daughter of J. P. Morgan's partner. I guess she ain't to blame for that. And then they say she is a poet, too, which makes me like her a little better.